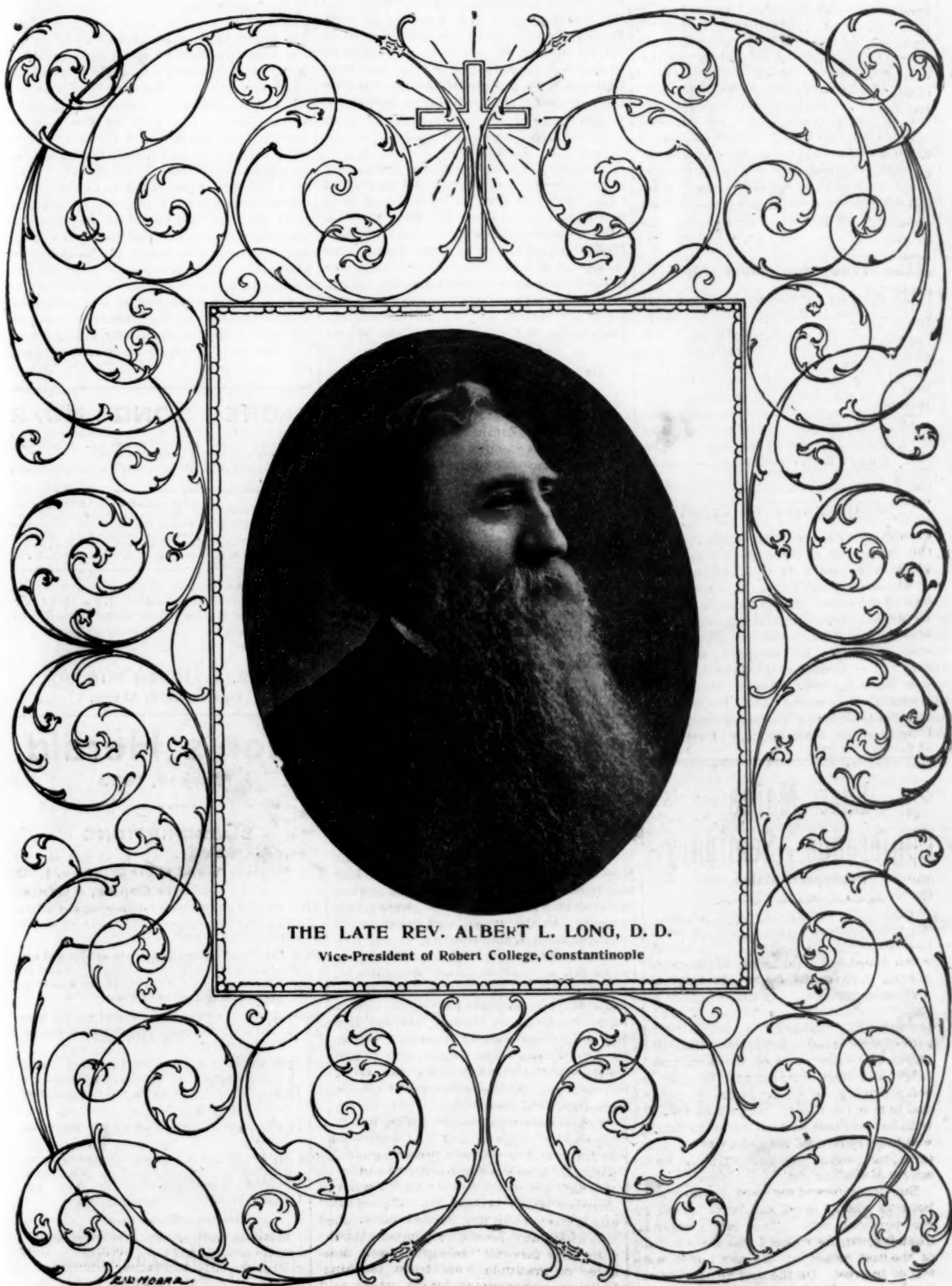


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Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1901



THE LATE REV. ALBERT L. LONG, D. D.
Vice-President of Robert College, Constantinople

By Way of Explanation

MR. EDITOR: I hear that my very innocent and friendly (so far as intentions went) little squib in the HERALD about "Conference visitors" has been taken seriously by some of our friends, and I am quite free to say that I intended no unkindness, and probably was writing from my memories of a dim past. I have memories of the formal committee meetings, and the formal examinations before them, and the formal reports to the Conference papers. I have memories of complaints of preachers that thought their precious time was taken for a form that after all meant little, and their money for railroad fare when they were not on their own business. Lasell Seminary, by the way, set a good example, so long as it had Conference visitors, in insisting on paying their expenses. Probably the facts on which my memories run are farther back than I thought them, so I let drop a word that has hurt somebody contrary to any purpose of mine.

C. C. BRADGON.

The True Newspaper Ideal

THE ideal for a genuine newspaper that appreciates its functions and its opportunities is to set forth the news of the day as completely and accurately as possible; to observe a proper sense of proportion in estimating the respective value of news; to comment thereon as fairly, impartially and illuminatingly as intelligent and capable endeavor will permit, and thus to make itself a powerful factor in the march of the world toward better conditions.—*Boston Herald.*

The Greatness of Crispi

A COGENT and stirring orator, Crispi was also a vigorous writer. He knew how to use with equal efficacy the two levers of public opinion—the platform and the press. He was a man of magnetic personality, though, at the same time, of a stern and inexorable temper; the attachments which he inspired were as ardent and enduring as were the enmities which he provoked. His friends loved him and his foes feared him. He was admired and trusted by Bismarck, and it in the opinion of contemporary foreigners

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we may forecast the verdict of posterity, Crispi is destined to figure with Cavour, Garibaldi and Mazzini among the brightest names of regenerated Italy.—*New York Sun.*

Rash Accusations

AT Northfield one visitor was heard expressing the opinion that, on the part of some of the speakers, there seemed to be too much reflection on the ministers of the country in general as a class of heretics. In our efforts to help others we should be careful not to be led into uncharitable or harsh judgments. They are not only contrary to the Scriptural precept, but seriously impair our usefulness.—*Watchman.*

Fifty Years Hence

I BELIEVE that fifty years hence they will refer to the "good old times" of 1901. They will say that we had such men in Maine as Tom Reed, and such an able administration of government as William McKinley knew how to give. I only hope that in those far-off days, when they refer to the period in which we are now living, they may have something kindly to say about the secretary of the navy.—*SECRETARY LONG, at Portland, Old Home Week.*

To Suppress Spurious Titles

THE great need of all civilized society today, and of American society in particular, is genuineness. Not that instances of that sterling quality are hard to find—and how delightful they are when once we are sure of them—but there is such a passion for masquerading, for assuming unearned and unbested and consequently undeserved badges of distinction, that a suspicion of cheap snobbery attaches to our national character. This suspicion may and doubtless does impute to us more than the facts will justify, but that there are some grounds for it, it would hardly be honest to deny.—*Boston Transcript.*

General Grant's Retreat

SPEAKING of nightsticks reminds me of seeing General Grant in his, to my mind, greatest hour—the only time he was ever beaten, and by a policeman. I told his son, Fred Grant, of it when he became a police commissioner in the nineties, but I do not think he appreciated it. He was not cast in his great father's mold. The occasion I refer to was after the General's second term in the Presidency. He was staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when one morning the Masonic Temple was burned. The fire line was drawn halfway down the block toward Fifth Avenue, but the police were much hampered by the crowd and were out of patience, when I, standing by, saw a man in a great ulster, with head buried deep in the collar, a cigar sticking straight out, coming down the street from the hotel. I recognized him at sight as General Grant. The policeman who blocked his way did not. He grabbed him by the collar, swung him about, and hitting him a resounding whack across the back with his club, yelled out: "What's the matter with you? Don't you see the fire lines? Chase yourself out of here, and be quick about it."

The General said never a word. He did not stop to argue the matter. He had run up against a sentinel, and when stopped went the other way. That was all. The man had a right to be there; he had none. I was never so much an admirer of Grant as, since that day. It was true greatness. A smaller man would have made a row, stood upon his dignity, and demanded the punishment of the policeman. As for him, there was probably never so badly frightened a policeman when I told him whom he had clubbed. I will warrant he did not sleep for a week, fearing all kinds of things. No need of it. Grant probably never gave him a thought.—*JACOB RUIS, in Outlook.*

Clothes and Opinions

AS it is with our clothes, so it is with our opinions. We have always worn clothes, and we have always had opinions. But could we make a better apologia for our opinions than we could for our black hats? It is probable that a few of us would care to be suddenly asked, "Why all your life have you believed this or that thing?" Some men on the spur of the moment would make short and halting answers; other men would find plenty to say, but, as they themselves would perhaps admit, not very strictly or satisfactorily to the point; whilst only the very few would show by their answers that they had of deliberate impulse gone down to the foundations, and had distinctly questioned themselves how they came to be possessed of their earliest opinions; and, when other opinions in due course came into existence, how later they were all cemented together in a common fabric.—*AUBERON HERBERT, on "Assuming the Foundations," in Nineteenth Century for August.*

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CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor
GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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CHINESE EXCLUSION

THERE is a very decided development of public opinion in favor of not renewing the Chinese exclusion law, which will expire by limitation this year. One of the very strong reasons for such action is that the growing good-will between China and the United States would thereby be cemented into an enduring friendship, and possibly a tacit alliance. The attitude of China toward this country is one of unconcealed gratitude because of American fair play in the occurrences at Peking. China offers an extensive field for commercial operations, and far-seeing American manufacturers are determined that nothing shall stand in the way of a full improvement of these vast opportunities. Exclusion of Chinese from this country is the only remaining cause of irritation. Therefore the commercial interests will oppose the re-enactment of the exclusion law. On the other hand, it is assumed that organized labor will favor exclusion. American workingmen, especially on the Pacific coast, have for years looked upon the Chinese with intense dislike. The issue will probably be sharply defined by the time Congress meets.

WILL DEEPEN THE SUEZ CANAL

OWING to the use of larger ships in interoceanic commerce, the administrators of the Suez Canal are at work deepening it to thirty-one feet with a view to making it available to vessels of greater tonnage, which are now excluded. When the Canal was opened in 1859 it was deep enough to allow the passage of the largest ocean-going vessels in existence. Since that date, however, there has been a vast development in the size and character of ships. The original depth of the Canal would permit vessels drawing 25 feet, 7 inches, to pass in safety. The increased depth will take in vessels drawing 29 feet — a difference of three feet and five inches. This improvement will place the Suez Canal a little ahead of the Kaiser Wilhelm and the Amsterdam canals, and will probably suffice for ships in the Oriental trade for many years to come. Another contemplated improvement is the illumination of the Canal by electricity so that ships without electric

headlights may pass through at night. The passage can be made in about fifteen hours and forty minutes.

INVITED TO LIBERIA

IN the estimation of President King, of Liberia, that country is the place for the colored people of America. "My desire," said he, "is that Liberia shall become the immigration ground for the superfluous colored people of the United States. The country is full of mineral wealth which is awaiting those who are willing to work. In Liberia the energetic colored man can get rid of the race question and live an emancipated social life." Mr. King is in London conferring with Joseph Chamberlain in regard to concessions for Liberians. The population of Liberia now consists of 40,000 Negroes and 2,500,000 aborigines.

NEW ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP LINE

GENUINE American-like enterprise is shown in the proposition to establish a short-time service between Ireland and the United States, by which it will be possible to cross the Atlantic in four and one-half days. The British Parliament recently granted special powers for the new steamship company to construct a pier and other works at Berehaven, in Banry Bay, Ireland. It is understood that the enterprise includes an express line across southern Ireland and a channel ferry connecting directly with the Great Western Railroad for London. The harbor works at Berehaven and the road across Ireland will cost \$4,500,000. American capital is said to be guaranteed in connection with the new line. Thus far, however, no American appears to have anything to do with the project. The chief promoter is S. G. Frazer, representing an Irish electric railroad company, of Dublin. One very significant feature is that the vessels will be built in Great Britain, and the rumor is that they will be equipped with turbine engines of the type that is proving so successful in operating boats on the Clyde in Scotland.

NATIONAL HYGIENIC LABORATORY

PLANS have been completed for a remarkable scientific institution — the Hygienic Laboratory — soon to be erected in Washington, and administered under the Marine Hospital service. Dr. M. J. Rosenau, a distinguished Philadelphia bacteriologist, will be the director. In general the plant will consist of a main building of brick costing \$35,000, containing rooms for the faculty of thirty scientists — bacteriologists, biologists, zoologists, entomologists and chemists; a \$5,000 menagerie to shelter the hundreds of animals to be kept for experimental purposes; and

a crematory for the cremation of disease-afflicted beasts. The buildings will occupy a five-acre tract upon the water front and within the reservation of the old naval observatory. The menagerie will contain a varied assortment of monkeys, rattlesnakes, alligators, turtles, horses, goats, calves, dogs, rats, mice, guinea pigs, chickens, pigeons, etc., and the rules for the enforcement of cleanliness will be more rigid than those which bind the habits of human beings. These creatures will be experimented upon for the purpose of discovering the causes of all diseases affecting mankind, and, if possible, to ascertain exact methods of prevention and cure. Monkeys will be the favorites for inoculation experiments because they are the only animals subject to practically all human diseases. The flea will be studied scientifically because it has been discovered that he transmits the black plague from the rats to man. There will also be microscopic experiments with mosquitoes. Special attention will be given to the manufacture of a vaccine against the black plague, a cure for hydrophobia, a new antitoxin for epidemic spinal meningitis, and a new pneumonia serum.

DISCOVERIES IN CENTRAL ASIA

VERY interesting discoveries were made by Dr. Stein, of the British Indian Educational Department, during a year's exploration in Central Asia. In the Khotan Desert he excavated a large series of Buddhist temples and monastic buildings ten miles to the northeast of Khotan city. He found ancient manuscripts in Sanscrit, Chinese, and an unknown language which includes some well-known Indian characters. Buddhist pictures and numerous pieces of stucco sculptures were also unearthed. In the desert beyond Keriya he made a rich find of buildings half buried in the sand. He obtained five hundred documents written on wooden tablets in Kharosthi script peculiar to the extreme northwest of ancient India. Although difficult to decipher, enough has been made out already to show that the tablets contain the correspondence of a private official. Dr. Stein also discovered that Isan Akhun, an enterprising central Asiatic, had established a factory for the manufacture of ancient manuscripts. At first he made them by hand, but finding that process too slow and laborious, he audaciously ventured to prepare them by the process of block printing. Modern Khotan paper was first soaked in a solution which imparted a yellow color. After the sheets were printed they were hung on chimneys and smoked, and finally buried for a time in the desert sand. They were then easily sold as ancient manuscripts. As Isan Akhun was for some time the agent

through whom the British and Russian representatives obtained manuscripts, it transpires that some of the fabricated books have been found in famous European collections, both governmental and private, and that many learned men have wasted precious hours attempting to decipher the forged documents. The forger was arrested by the Chinese district officer and placed on trial. When confronted by Dr. Stein he at first stoutly denied the charge, but ultimately confessed everything. He is now a convict, with a wooden collar about his neck.

LABOR AGITATION IN JAPAN

LEGAL protective measures for labor, factory legislation, socialism, and kindred matters, are occupying an increasing amount of public attention in Japan. A great gathering of wage-workers is planned to take place in Tokyo, which is expected to awaken laborers in all parts of the empire to the "pressing need of organization." Japanese statesmen have already discerned the unrest of the working class, and there is now pending before the Japanese Diet a bill embodying a full scheme of original factory legislation. Agitation in favor of this measure has been greatly promoted by an exposure of the hardships imposed upon girls employed in a large muslin factory in Tokyo.

SLAVE TRADE IN EGYPT

INFORMATION has been received by the State Department from Consul General Long, at Cairo, to the effect that all trading and trafficking in slaves in Egypt has practically ceased. The slave-trade at Jedda has been the most serious and difficult to arrest or overcome. In spite of its general suppression, twelve enterprising merchants are still in business at Jedda. Most of the slaves are Abyssinians. The prices are: Male or female, fourteen years old, about \$80; fourteen to twenty years old, \$100 to \$125; twenty to thirty years old, \$150 each. In Medina and Mecca the prices for both sexes is fifty per cent. higher. It appears that it may be some time before slavery absolutely ceases to exist in a land where slaves have always been bought and sold like cattle.

TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMBINED

NOTE was made of a combined phonograph and telephone a few weeks ago. This time it is a combination of telegraph and telephone. It is the invention of C. H. Grant, telegraph superintendent of the Northern Pacific railroad. The new system has been in operation over twenty-five miles of wire for several weeks and has given perfect satisfaction. It easily permits the sending of ordinary telegraph messages while at the same time two parties are conversing over the line by telephone. There is no confusion. Mr. Grant employs an original system of reduction coils and condensers, and when both telegraph and telephone are being used the parties telephoning are not in the least disturbed by the clicking of the instruments. The Company will transform its telegraph line from St. Paul to the Pacific coast into a combined telegraph and telephone system

as soon as the telephone appliances can be installed.

CHICAGO OFFICERS ACCUSED

CHARGES of a criminal character have been preferred against three Chicago detectives by Acting Mayor Walker. They are accused of making fraudulent returns in the expense of transferring a prisoner from Cleveland to Chicago, and of appropriating the difference to their own uses. Since these accusations have become public, the mayor and chief of police have received an immense amount of information revealing the existence of police blackmail and corruption.

TERROR OF GOLDEN GATE DESTROYED

ON Thursday of last week, in the presence of thousands of spectators, Arch Rock, one of the greatest menaces to safe navigation in San Francisco Bay, was destroyed by high explosives. Over thirty tons of nitro-glycerine were employed. The rock was several acres in area, and lay about midway between Alcatraz Island and Lime Point. All but its summit was submerged. Many months were occupied in placing the explosives in the rock. Owing to the peculiar conditions, it was necessary to invent new tools for the purpose. The rock was drilled and cross drilled, thousands of holes being made to receive the explosive. The charge of nitro-glycerine was exploded by electricity. A huge mass of water and fragments of rock rose several hundred feet in the air, but the concussion and sound were very slight, being no louder than a six-inch gun. It appears that the rock has been completely destroyed, but the full extent of the work done will not be known until the debris is removed.

BRITISH PARLIAMENT PROROGUED

LAST Saturday the first Parliament of the reign of King Edward VII. closed up its business and was prorogued with the usual ceremonies. In his speech to the Lords and Commons, King Edward expressed great satisfaction that he was able to close the first Parliament of his reign on good terms with the other Powers of the world. Referring to the war in South Africa, he said: "The progress of my forces in the conquest of the two republics by which my South African colonies have been invaded, has been steady and continuous; but owing to the difficulty and extent of the country to be traversed, the length of the military operation has been protracted." London papers comment bitterly upon the results accomplished by Parliament. The *Pall Mall Gazette* points dolefully to the "decay of parliamentary government" and "the breakdown of the constitutional system." Even the *Times* and *Standard* call attention to the decline of the authority of the ministers in the House of Commons. Special emphasis is placed upon the frequent employment of closure by Mr. Balfour. Much of the time was occupied with war measures and finance, and in petty disputes. In summing up the relationship of parties it appears that the Irish have gained in strength by unity of direction and the enforcement of discipline, and the Liberals have lost power and prestige by factional

wranglings among themselves. The spirit of imperialism has been intensified, probably because of the demands of King Edward and the exigencies of the Boer War.

FRIARS IN THE PHILIPPINES

MENTION has been made from time to time of the various efforts of the Catholic authorities to adjust matters with the friars in the Philippines. Archbishop Chappelle has been among them for several months trying to solve the problem, but the latest report from Manila through the War Department is that the friars were so hostile to the Archbishop that he could do nothing with them, and his mission is practically a failure. Meanwhile Cardinal Gibbons has been in Rome talking the matter over with the Pope. As the Cardinal is expected home soon, it is possible that when the enterprising American newspaper representatives surround him, the public will learn something authentic about the policy to be pursued by the Catholic authorities in dealing with the friars.

SURETY COMPANIES LIABLE

AN old controversy between the Post Office Department and surety companies that make a business of guaranteeing postal employees has been settled by a recent decision of the Attorney General. A New York letter carrier stole two letters containing over \$2,000. Of this amount the inspectors recovered \$1,500, and then called upon the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland, who had bonded the carrier, for the remainder. In response, the company offered only \$10 for each letter on the ground that it was all the Government was liable for to the owner, but agreed to abide by a decision of the Attorney General in the matter. The ruling in this case is that when a clerk or carrier steals a registered letter containing money, he is responsible for the amount stolen; that under the guarantee of the bond he violated such bond, and the surety company is held responsible for the money stolen, provided it does not exceed the amount for which the bond was given.

AFFAIRS IN CHINA

UNEXPECTED delays have attended the deliberations of the ministers in Peking in their efforts to reach a satisfactory settlement of the indemnity question. Whenever a difference arose nothing could be done until the matter was reported to the home governments and special instructions received. Every difference — and they have been numerous — has caused tedious waiting. For several weeks there has been much haggling over the question of the tariff by which China expects to raise the money for the indemnity. The hindrance here has been caused by the desire of certain governments to obtain advantageous rates on particular articles. This question is complicated with and affected by the removal of the troops from Peking. It is feared that the withdrawal of soldiers would encourage the Chinese representatives to assume an independent attitude and thus cause another delay. The British and Americans propose to occupy the Temple of Heaven and the

Temple of Agriculture until their barracks are ready. The northern part of Peking is still held by the Japanese. It has been noted that a Japanese colonel has been elected to command and organize the Chinese police. Chinese troops are assembling about Peking. Commissioner Rockhill telegraphs that interest on the indemnity began to run on July 1, of this year, and payments will become due semi-annually, the first to be met January 1. China will be allowed three years in which to make the first payment on the principal. The money, both on account of principal and interest, will be received by a financial committee at Shanghai to be known as the Committee of Encashment, composed of the heads of foreign banks at Shanghai selected by the governments interested in the payment. This committee is to distribute among the various Powers the funds turned in by the Chinese Government.

THE VENEZUELA-COLOMBIA AFFAIR

DEVELOPMENTS in the Venezuela-Colombia affair are still hopeful in that there have been no open hostilities as yet between the two countries. The Colombian minister to Venezuela has only left his post temporarily, and expects to return to Caracas. This means that diplomatic relations are still intact. There has been some fighting between the government authorities and the revolutionists. Reports have been sent out to the effect that Gen. Uribe, the leader of the Colombian revolution, aspires to reunite Colombia, Ecuador, and Venezuela into one strong State, as it was from 1819 to 1832.

POLICE INVESTIGATION IN NEW YORK

PREPARATIONS are being made for the prosecution of a number of New York police officers for their secret alliance with crime and vice. Captain Diamond, of the fifteenth precinct, has been indicted for neglect of duty, and the prosecuting officers are gathering evidence upon which to base charges against "others." Quite a number of men are directly implicated in the confessions that have been made, but extreme difficulty is experienced in obtaining corroborative testimony. There is a fear that it will be impossible to find sufficient evidence to justify the indictment of the higher officials. Governor Odell has decided not to interfere, and therefore the city authorities will be compelled to carry the matter through alone. The Governor fears that interference on his part would engender sympathy for Tammany.

PROGRESS OF THE STEEL STRIKE

WHEN President Shaffer issued the order for a general strike of steel workers belonging to the Amalgamated Association there was prompt obedience in the East, but hesitation in the West. During the past week, however, the Milwaukee and Joliet men have joined the strike, thus strengthening the cause of the strikers. Chicago lodges had their charters revoked because they disobeyed, although there is hope that they will reconsider their action and quit work. The steel masters are partially successful in starting several hoop mills in Pittsburg. Associa-

tion men are working diligently to break the non-union stronghold in the Carnegie mills at Pittsburg. The strikers now number 70,000. They are becoming desperate, and any attempt by the steel masters to use force in starting the idle mills with imported men would probably be the signal for violence.

MEETING OF COLORED BUSINESS MEN

CHICAGO is entertaining the second annual meeting of the National Negro Business League this week, which opens on Wednesday and closes Friday. Three hundred delegates are expected to attend. Almost every State in the South will be represented. Governor Yates and Mayor Harrison have accepted invitations to be present. The program will consist of addresses on various phases of business life by prominent colored men and women from every part of the country. The object of the League is to inform the world of the progress which the Negro is making in business and to stimulate local business enterprises. Booker T. Washington is the founder, president, and chief promoter of the organization.

WRECK OF THE STEAMER "ISLANDER"

ANOTHER chapter has been added to the continued story of marine disasters in Alaskan waters. Last Thursday the steamer "Islander," en route from Skagway to Puget Sound, with 108 passengers on board, struck an iceberg, while going at full speed, near the southwest end of Douglass Island, and sank in twenty minutes. All the passengers were in their berths when the disaster occurred. Many were thrown out, and the wildest excitement prevailed. Sixty-seven of the number were lost. One man with \$40,000 in gold dust in a grip clung to it and went down. Another, with \$14,000, dropped his gold and was saved. Members of the crew behaved heroically, coolly warning the passengers, lowering the boats and rafts, and hurrying the people into them. After doing all that he could to save others, Captain Foote sprang from the sinking ship to a life-raft, but seeing that it was already heavily loaded, and that his weight might sink it, he exclaimed: "I see there are too many here, so good-by, boys," and swam away. He soon disappeared in the icy water.

RELICS OF MOUND BUILDERS

VALUABLE discoveries have been made near Chillicothe, Ohio, by a party from the Ohio State Archaeological Museum, under the leadership of Dr. W. C. Mills. While digging in the big Adena mound several skeletons and a collection of copper ornaments were unearthed. At the bottom of the mound the party came upon a skeleton measuring 5 feet, 11 inches, which is unusually large for a Mound Builder. It had been surrounded by logs and was in a good state of preservation. Accompanying the skeleton were two curios—a gorget and a pipe. The gorget is of slate and is beautifully made. The pipe is cylindrical and about four inches long. It is made of fire clay, with little holes at one end through which the smoke could pass. Six other skeletons were discovered, all in

a fine state of preservation. Ornaments of some kind were found with most of them, principally beads cleverly fashioned from the bones of various animals. The beads are perfectly round, with a small hole through the middle, and vary in diameter from half to three-quarters of an inch. Additional skeletons discovered seemed to have been hastily dumped into the mound without any special care. Dr. Mills explains that they had been brought from other places to be interred in the mound as it was being built. They had been placed originally on high scaffolds, as is the custom among some tribes of Indians and Esquimaux, and afterwards transferred to the mound.

EVENTS WORTH NOTING

Magistrate Lukens of Philadelphia is waging war on hobos.

St. Louis traders predict that wheat will bring \$1 per bushel before winter.

Three new torpedo-boat destroyers were launched at Baltimore last Thursday.

Captain Hobson has become a silent partner in a Southern cotton-buying firm, but will not retire from the Navy.

The Zoological Congress at Berlin has decided to make zoological nomenclature conform with the classic Latin.

Dr. Doty, health officer of New York, has just completed a wholesale campaign against mosquitoes in that city.

Burlington, Ia., gets \$50,000 for a new library from Mr. Carnegie, on the usual conditions.

Three American looters in Tien-Tsin were recently sentenced to four years' imprisonment for robbing a pawnbroker.

Marquis Ito, of Japan, former prime minister, is expected to visit the United States while on a sea voyage for his health.

Final census returns in France show the population to be 38,641,333—an increase of 412,364 in the last five years. The increase is mostly in the cities.

In spite of the drought there is so much grain ready for the market in Kansas that the railroads are having a hard time to handle it.

Jean Bold, the famous Finnish author, has been arrested for issuing an anti-Russian protest against the new military service law for Finland.

General Fred Grant, who is just home from Europe, reports a very friendly feeling in Russia toward the United States in spite of the tariff difficulties.

Editors of French newspapers hint that the United States will take advantage of the trouble between Colombia and Venezuela to seize Colombia.

Dr. R. J. Gatling, inventor of the famous rapid-fire gun bearing his name, claims to have invented a plow that will enable one man to break thirty acres of land in one day.

A reunion of Luzon veterans from Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Kansas, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Nebraska and Iowa was held at Salt Lake last week.

Sarsaoff, ex-president of the Macedonian committee, who was on trial in Sofia last week on the charge of murder and complicity in an assassination, was acquitted.

A terrific windstorm swept the coast of the Gulf of Mexico on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, doing much damage near New Orleans and causing the loss of a number of lives.

ULTIMATE HARMONY

HAVE you ever heard water dripping in a bowl and making curious, incoherent music, drop by drop? And have you not longed to set those sweet, disconnected water-notes into ordered melody, so that they might fit like a beautiful phrase into some unwritten oratorio, perhaps? Well, that is the way God bends over this wayward world of His, listening to its broken music, longing to gather it all up into a grand, ordered song unto generations. And by-and-by, when we, the thoughtless drops, shall have learned His divine method, shall have merged our selfish incoherences into harmony with His will, His purpose, then there will be sweet music here in this water-bowl of earth, and the yearning heart of the Master Artist will be satisfied.

IT IS NOT TRUE

THE *Christian Intelligencer* of New York, one of the very best of religious weeklies, is led to say:

"There is no disputing the fact that we are passing through a period of serious religious declension. The signs are unmistakable both in this country and in Europe. Some of the signs of general spiritual declension were referred to last Sunday by Archbishop Ireland in a public address in Detroit, and by Rev. G. Campbell Morgan in his sermon in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of this city. The former said: 'Religion is rapidly losing ground. There are men especially who never breathe a sigh of prayer toward heaven, many of them in public places, where their influence and example are bad. Day by day science and philosophy are taking the place of religion. Papers and magazines reflect these ideas.' Mr. Morgan, commenting on small church attendance, remarked: 'The trouble is that there is a new atheism abroad, strange and subtle. Let it go no further or it will work your destruction.'"

We take exception to the above statements because we cannot believe that they are true. No age fully understands itself. This era is unlike that of a quarter or a half century ago, but when it is justly measured—as it will be a half-century hence—we are very confident that it will not be termed "a period of serious religious declension."

Religious life is changing more in manifestation than in essence. We admit that Christianity is taking on new forms. It is not as demonstrative, as serious, as actively aggressive "in seeking the salvation of the lost," as in our earlier years; but Jesus Christ, the revelation of God to men, was never so devoutly worshiped and obeyed, the world over, as at this very hour. Christianity never stood for so much in ethical ideals and authority. The Sermon on the Mount represents the essential principles of the teaching of Jesus Christ, and never was it so strongly and generally incarnated in human lives and codes as the ultimate authority in ethics and right conduct. "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord." The distinguishing characteristic of religious people of this age is that they have come to exalt Jesus Christ as the supreme religious Teacher, and that they are making a quiet but very determined effort to be like Him.

With this ideal and aspiration, there is, as a matter of course, a very striking change in the way and manner in which the religious life of this age expresses itself. And here is where our pessimistic friends make their wholly honest mistake. Because the churches are not affected exactly as they were a quarter of a century ago, have they fallen into "a period of serious religious declension?" We do not believe it, because we believe in a living God who is working out His great purposes of love, righteousness and redemption for His children, and He is not to be defeated. Even now He is doing some better thing for all races in producing juster and more rational views of Himself as seen in Jesus Christ.

It is not an age of serious religious declension, but the day of religious illumination, and the difficulty is that a few good men do not apprehend the light. Archbishop Ireland thinks, because his own Roman Catholic people care less for the superstitions, the pretense, the spectacular features of the worship of their church, that they are less religious; but the simple fact is they are more so; they have become so illuminated religiously that they no longer care for the unessential ceremonies of the church. Mr. Morgan is deceived into charging the people with atheism because they do not express their religious life in the fashion which he expects. He talks about a "new atheism." There is very little, if any, atheism in this country—no appreciable amount that could be discovered and labeled, if one went scientifically in search of it. Because men are less bound by the theological tenets of another age, less held by the religious customs and practices into which they were born, it must not be inferred that they are less religious. To get at the fact we must go deeper into the conscience, the thinking, the ethical life of men. If the totality of human kind have swung nearer to the teaching and life of Jesus Christ than in any other era, then it is not, as we have just said, a period of religious declension, but of religious illumination. Needless pessimism in things religious is not only disheartening, but harmful and wrong. It is often the only infirmity of great saints; it should be conquered. But if our religious teachers cannot overcome their pessimism, they certainly should not preach it.

SANCTIFICATION *

WE take great pleasure in calling our readers' attention very promptly to this excellent "little booklet, not a treatise," as its author terms it, just issued from our Western Publishing House, as one of its series of "Little Books on Doctrine." Bishop Merrill has written on the theme before, and his views are well known, but we are glad to have them in this latest revision. Two or three special points which he greatly emphasizes we deem it well to refer to here for the benefit of the churches.

He begins by noting, in his preface, "the reproach that has come to the doctrine through partial, superficial, and extreme teachings." And, later, he al-

ludes to the "deplorable condition" of the subject in many places; to the "misconceptions, inaccuracies, distortions, and disputations" so prevalent; to the "factional and morbid developments" needing to be repressed; to the course taken by "many of the doctors whose activity in this discussion has been marked," and who, by their failure to make proper discriminations, have "thrown the door wide open for deception, extravagance, fanaticism, and all manner of evils."

These evils have come, in his estimation, from the "specialists" and so-called "holiness people," "a descriptive phrase which strikes the sensibilities of conscientious men and women unpleasantly because of its discriminating implications," since all Methodists stand for holiness in the proper sense of that word, and are by no means "enemies of holiness," as the specialists are fond of declaring. With reference to this latter class, so well known among us, the Bishop truly says: "Good men they may be, but they cannot be wise, and their methods are never well adapted to building up symmetrical Christian character. No matter how important the doctrine in itself and in its proper relation, there is unwisdom in making a hobby of it. Some other doctrine is inevitably disparaged. The harmony of things is broken. Extremes beget extremes."

"Intensely zealous followers of such teaching insist on purity of heart as a present privilege, dwell rapturously on the power of the cleansing blood, urge all to seek purity at once, and indirectly, if not directly, disparage the process of growth, or treat it as something relating to a different condition of things in life, and then call upon all those whose emotional experiences lead them to believe that their hearts have been purified, to avow that attainment, and call it Christian perfection." The result of this "confused emotionalism," where a high profession of something not understood or possessed is confidently made, the Bishop finds to be disastrous and deplorable in the extreme. Many good people are brought into bewilderment and discouragement, while not a few fall into apostasy and are lost.

"One of the glaring offences of this obnoxious class is to depreciate growth in grace, and the teachings of all who believe in a gradual or progressive sanctification are set at naught without being correctly applied or understood." They ring the changes *ad nauseam* on the sentence, "You can grow in grace, but not into grace," which the Bishop asserts to be "a profitless play on words without doctrinal significance." "By daily acquisitions one grows in and into grace, becoming more spiritual, more devout, and approaches nearer the summit of holiness with every accession of grace to grace." "It is useless to contend that a life which continually increases in holiness and in all spiritual graces is not on the highway to the best attainment possible to man on earth." "It is neither erroneous nor misleading to designate all spiritual advancement as growth in grace." "If the grace of the higher attainment is the same in kind as that of the incipient spiritual life and the beginning of sanctification, there appears no good reason for denying the possibility of

* SANCTIFICATION: RIGHT VIEWS AND OTHER VIEWS. By S. M. Merrill. Jennings & Pye: Cincinnati. Cloth, price 25 cents. net.

the earlier grace growing into that of higher degree." "The cleansing and the growth go hand in hand, the result of the same agency, the same faith, the same consecration, tending to the same consummation—the perfecting of the soul in purity and in righteousness before God."

Bishop Merrill holds, as we think all who use language discriminately must do, that "every justified believer is sanctified." He holds, also, to its inevitably progressive character. Sanctification, he says, "is neither completed nor discontinued at conversion. It goes on, as necessity requires, after conversion, for without the continuous cleansing the once purified person would contract defilement in daily contact with external life." "It had a beginning, but not an ending. Indeed, so continuous is the work that it is never safe to assume that it is finished, or that it has become an historical event to be dated and labeled as belonging to the past." "There must be great inaccuracy and great impropriety in designating a day when sanctification took place. The language making it a past event always affects my sensibilities unpleasantly, exciting not derision, but commiseration."

Our limited space forbids our making further extracts from this, on the whole, much-to-be-commended little volume. We should not be properly frank and honest with our readers, however, did we not add that the book has, in our judgment, certain defects which will prevent it, we fear, from doing much to accomplish the laudable purpose with which it sets out—that is, to clear up "the mists that have gathered about the doctrine by reason of partisan and inadequate representatives." Fatal to this accomplishment is the total lack of definitions in the book, and the great inconsistency in the use of terms. The author says: "Definitions, abundant and as clear as can be made, pervade our literature, and I shall attempt nothing new in this line." We cannot at all agree that our Methodist literature is pervaded with clear definitions on this theme. It seems to us precisely the contrary. And we see no hope of progress until more attention is paid to this essential of all clear thinking. The Bishop's definition of sanctification—if definition it can be called—is "washing," or "cleansing;" sin he simply calls "pollution" and "filthiness," without further distinction; perfection he thinks sufficiently defined by calling it "maturity;" but it seems to us that there is no word more vague and needing itself to be defined than this.

The Bishop is also manifestly hampered, as so many other Methodist writers have been, by the assumed or felt necessity of being as orthodox as possible. He deprecates any "terminology not in accord with our traditions," any "loosening from the morning of the past," anything "not regular" or "un-Methodistic;" "incidental deviations from our standards," he says, "are to be regretted." He claims that "no real change has taken place" in the doctrine as propounded by the fathers and founders, and that the Methodist Episcopal Church "holds fast the standards."

Our conviction is firm that, so long as the old terminology, with all its manifest contradictions and confusions (which any attempt at definitions brings out ludicrous-

ly), is insisted on, there is no possibility of a consistent theology among us on this subject. The monumental muddle will continue. What is pressingly needed is a compact booklet containing a restatement of the doctrine in terms clear of ambiguity. All the really essential facts and truths can easily be retained, but the old terms are not susceptible of profitable employment.

The Best Commentary

THE history of Christianity furnishes the best commentary upon the present notable era of transition. Epochs of marked religious growth have usually begun with striking transformations and changes in non-essentials, which have occasioned doubt and alarm among the saints. Jesus Christ was the greatest iconoclast of prevailing religious thought, life and practices that the world has ever seen. He was misapprehended and an offense to the chosen Jewish Church. The devout Jew believed that Jesus had come to destroy and not to fulfill. Even John the Baptist, of whom Jesus said, "there hath not risen a greater," could not understand the Messiah, and in his bewildering and exasperating doubt sent a messenger to Him with the summary question: "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" The religious Jews, constituting the orthodox church of the times, crucified Jesus Christ, "believing that they were doing God's service."

Paul, after having been given a real vision of Jesus Christ, began to preach Him and to demand a modification of Judaism, the abandonment of the "letter," and the apprehension and incarnation of the real life of God as revealed in Jesus; but the great Apostle became thereby an offense to, and the declared enemy of, the devout Hebrew. What Paul suffered at the hands of the Jews for thirty-five years while he preached what has become the fundamental Christian faith for twenty centuries, is known to every reader. But why do we forget such lessons as these in this age when God is evidently pressing His church out into a new and better epoch, into a faith more simple and Christlike, that shall fruit into character more like to the one perfect Model?

A Plethora of Ministers

IT is a singular fact that, while the theological seminaries of several leading denominations show a great and in some instances alarming decrease in the number of students, Methodist seminaries are better attended than ever before. It is also a striking fact that in nearly all the more than one hundred Annual Conferences there are more ministers than churches. It is, therefore, becoming increasingly difficult to find churches for all our ministers. It is indeed true that we have a plethora of ministers, the supply having become greater than the demand.

This fact should have a forceful and determining influence in the selection of new candidates for the ministry. If there ever was a reason why we should not "lay hands suddenly" upon any man, that reason is certainly in force today. There are other reasons, too, at this time, why very great caution should be exercised in this important matter. The age demands elect men in the ministry, men of robust gifts, graces and cultivation. A weak, unsuited, inadequate man not only harms the church, but is permanently harmed himself by being thrust into the ministry. There is now no pretext for it. No one should be encouraged to enter this calling simply because he desires to do so, or is good, or has youthful zeal. Simple goodness or religious earnest-

ness are not enough. The motive of the candidate must be rigidly scrutinized. He may desire to become a clergyman because of the consideration which the general public accords to men in this profession. Not all good men are needed in the clerical ranks. It is possible for an intelligent and consecrated layman to rival the good which many ministers accomplish. In this age God is especially calling laymen to masterful service for His cause.

It is important that presiding elders, ministers, and our members generally, should consider these facts. We do well to be more guarded in selecting men for our pulpits. In earlier years it was the practice among us to urge every young man who possessed any suitable gifts to hasten to become a preacher. We are now beyond that practice. We need only our very best young men. We present elsewhere a contribution on this subject from Rev. Dr. George B. Stewart, president of Auburn Theological Seminary, which appeared in the *New York Observer*. The article is timely, clear-cut, practical, and conclusive.

Suddenly Called

WE stated, in a recent issue, on the authority of W. W. Peet, of Constantinople, treasurer of American Missions in Turkey, that "Rev. Albert L. Long, D. D., of Robert College, will sail from Liverpool on the 'Saxonia,' Aug. 6, on his way to Boston." We are greatly pained, therefore, to announce his decease, although we understood that he was leaving for this country on account of illness (inflammation of the bladder). Dr. Long, with his wife and two daughters, arrived at Liverpool on the evening of July 27. His condition was so serious that they went ashore, hoping that he might regain his strength somewhat before making the voyage across the Atlantic. That he might have the best care, he was taken to the Royal Infirmary. In the early morning hours of July 28 there was a sudden and alarming change for the worse. The family were called, and at 8 o'clock he was translated. His body was buried in a small cemetery near Liverpool. Mrs. Long and the daughters reached Boston last week, and have gone to Enfield, N. H., where they will make their permanent home.

Dr. Long was a member of the Pittsburg Conference, and must have held his honorable and greatly useful position at Robert College, Constantinople, for a quarter of a century. He was sixty-eight years of age. He was a man of marked ability and influence, which had become universally recognized. Many will recall the addresses which he made in the pulpit and on the platform during his last visit to this country, fourteen years ago. He was for years a highly-valued contributor to *Zion's Herald*. A characteristic contribution from his pen, entitled, "Reminiscence of Stamboloff," awaits publication. Bulgarians, Armenians, Greeks, and even Turks, will sincerely share with a large circle of Americans in mourning the too early decease of this noble and greatly useful man.

A personal friend of Dr. Long and correspondent of an English paper, writes from Constantinople: "On Dr. Long's departure he had been presented with a testimonial signed by practically every Englishman and American in Constantinople, so warmly were his services to Robert College and to other institutions in Turkey appreciated. Dr. Long was recognized in Bulgaria as an authority on the language of that country, and had taken a large part in the translation of the Bible into Bulgarian. On a visit ten years ago throughout the whole of Southern Bulgaria, I accompanied Dr. Long, and was witness of the enthusiasm

with which he was everywhere greeted by the students and graduates of Robert College, and by hosts of intelligent Bulgarians who were aware of the services he had rendered to their language and country. Though an American by birth, and a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he never neglected an opportunity of declaring his sympathy with England and his belief that the cordial co-operation of the two countries was desirable, not only for the advantage of the two countries, but in the interests of humanity. That his body should be laid in a peaceful cemetery in the old country would have occasioned him no pang."

PERSONALS

— Rev. G. S. Miner, of Foochow, with his wife and two sons, has arrived in this country and is now in Meadville, Pa.

— Rev. E. J. Helms, of Morgan Chapel, was married, at Eagle Grove, Iowa, Aug. 11, to Miss Grace Preston, the father of the bride, Rev. William Preston, of the Northwest Iowa Conference, officiating.

— Rev. Dr. Jesse Bowman Young, of Walnut Hills Church, Cincinnati, will sail for London to attend the Ecumenical Conference as a delegate, on the "Minnehaha" from New York city, Aug. 24.

— Rev. and Mrs. Raymond F. Holway, of Charlestown, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Susie Florence, to Mr. James Leroy Roope, of Salem.

— Rev. Lucy Bowker Whittier, of Boston University School of Theology (1900), who has been teaching Old Testament exegesis and homiletics in the National Training School for Deaconesses at Washington, D. C., the past year, has been occupying the pulpit of the Methodist Church at Bridgton, Me., during the vacation absence of the pastor, Rev. C. C. Whidden, to the great acceptance of large audiences.

— Rev. E. R. Fulkerson, D. D., Principal of Chinzai Seminary, Japan, who has been in this country for some time, will return to Japan soon, sailing from Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 9. Mrs. Fulkerson and the children will remain in this country for a year.

— Dr. Charles Burton Thwing has been elected to succeed Dr. Eugene Haanel as professor of physics at Syracuse University. Professor Thwing is the author of a text-book on physics, and has been professor of physics in Knox College for several years.

— Rev. Luther Freeman, of Portland, Me., in a note written from Santa Barbara, Cal., Aug. 8, says: "I have been taking a small party of Portland people through the Yosemite and Southern California and am here for the Sabbath. Next Sunday we are to be in Seattle, the next in Buffalo, the next home."

— Rev. M. W. Corliss announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Edith V. Corliss, of Milltown, Me., to Mr. Herbert D. Knowles, of Dexter, Me.

— At the recent Wesleyan Methodist Conference at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Rev. John S. Simon was elected Governor of Didsbury College to fill the vacancy made by the death of James Crabtree, and Rev. T. Ferrier Hulme was appointed successor of the late Wesley Brunyate as Governor of Kingswood School.

— Rev. Fayette Nichols, of Westboro, who is visiting Nova Scotia, preached at Charles St. Church, Halifax, Aug. 18, a sermon which was highly appreciated by a large and representative congregation.

— The friends of Rev. William McDonald, D. D., will be pleased to learn that he is in such excellent health this unusually hot summer, that he has preached the last two Sundays in Park Ave. Church, West Somerville—his subject on Aug. 11 being, "Good hope through grace," and his text on Aug. 13, John 15: 1, 2.

— Rev. Dr. M. E. Phillips, Chancellor of Kansas Wesleyan University, has been elected to the presidency of New Orleans University by the executive committee of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society. Dr. Phillips was Dean of the University of California for some years, but latterly president of the Southwest Kansas College.

— Two additions have been made to the faculty of Tilton Seminary. Mrs. Randolph, wife of a deceased Methodist minister, and sister-in-law of Dean Buell, of Boston School of Theology, has been secured as preceptress. Mrs. Randolph has an enviable record as a teacher. Miss Annie Towle, a graduate of Tilton Seminary and of Boston University, will add strength to the teaching force.

— Rev. Walford Green has been appointed by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference to attend the approaching Conference of the Methodist Church in Canada as fraternal messenger, and Rev. James Chapman has been designated for a similar service to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which convenes in Dallas, Tex., next May.

— When one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church died some years ago, leaving an estate of one hundred thousand dollars or more to his family, and little or nothing to charity, the secular and religious press indulged quite freely in criticism. But Bishop Littlejohn, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in his will just probated bequeathes an estate of \$100,000 to two daughters, and leaves nothing directly to charity, and the fact occasions no comment.

— Mr. A. Willard Case, of Highland Park, Conn., has given to Browning Home, Camden, S. C., the sum of \$500 in memory of his wife, Marietta Stanley Case. Browning Home is one of the institutions under the care of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of our church, and is devoted to the scholastic and industrial training of young colored girls. From its founding Mrs. Case had been actively interested in this Home. The gift is to be used in refitting and furnishing the dining-room.

— Dr. Charles Bayard Mitchell and wife sail from New York, Aug. 24, on the "Minnehaha" for London, where Dr. Mitchell will attend the Ecumenical Conference as a delegate. He is the only pastor in our branch of Methodism who is on the program. He is to deliver an address on, "Is Methodism Retaining its Spiritual Vitality?" He returns to preach his last sermon in Hennepin Ave. Church, Minneapolis, on Sunday, Oct. 6, and begins his pastorate in First Church, Cleveland, the second Sabbath in October.

— The *Morning Chronicle* of Halifax, Nova Scotia, in its issue of Aug. 11, says: "Rev. W. A. Thurston and L. L. Woolson, of Hopkinton, Mass., are spending a few days in the city, the guests of Mr. B. Swenerton, at the Carleton. Yesterday Rev. Mr. Thurston occupied the pulpit of the Grafton Street Methodist Church with much acceptance. This is his first visit to this Province and the reverend gentleman says that he numbers so many Nova Scotians among his congregation that he thought he would like to see something of the country."

— Mrs. Mehitabel Sunderland, the oldest resident of Hyde Park, died at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Ada Cooper Sheehy, Aug. 16, aged 94 years. She was the daughter of Hon. John Ewins, a graduate of Harvard in 1783. At the age of twenty-two she was united in marriage with the late Dr. Leroy Sunderland, a well-known abolitionist, who was associated with William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Theodore Weld. Their four children—three daughters and one son—have all passed away. Mrs. Sunderland removed to Hyde Park in 1857, and in many ways promoted the growth of the town. For several years she was a successful physician, and was one of the pioneers in the woman suffrage movement. On her 90th birthday she held a public reception in Lyric Hall, which was largely attended. Mrs. Sunderland was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a frequent attendant as long as she was able. Funeral services were held on Sunday, Rev. W. J. Heath, of Springfield, a former pastor, officiating.

BRIEFLETS

There is no benevolence more sincere than to rejoice in the exemption of others from our misfortunes.

The Alabama Constitutional Convention, by a vote of 65 to 45, has provided that women property holders owning \$500 or more of real estate, may vote in municipal elections involving bond issues. If this provision shall be left in the Constitution, Alabama will be the first of the Southern States to give the franchise to any extent to women.

Like a spring of fresh water gushing up in the sea, and forever keeping its current pure and sweet, that whosoever has learned of it may drink and be refreshed, is the memory of a saintly life in this world. Let not the good man think that when he dies he shall be forgotten. Some there are who will always keep the latitude and longitude of his memory, and as often as they voyage that way they will drink inspiration from it.

The New York *Tribune* states that on a certain day last week a bar of gold which weighed 6,700 ounces and was valued at \$110,000 was received at the Assay Office in Wall St. It was inclosed in a hardwood case, which had been constructed especially for it, and its removal from a truck to the Assay Office was watched by a large crowd of men and boys. It required the combined strength of six men to carry the big gold bar in its case. For once this precious ore, for which people will sacrifice almost anything, was so heavy as to exempt it from ordinary possession or use. Even a robber would have found it very difficult to steal this bar of gold.

There is only one way to get to heaven without dying—but that is an excellent way indeed—to bring heaven to earth.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan at Northfield told this story. He said that a reporter once asked General Booth, of the Salvation Army, "General, do you think that Christianity has been played out?" "Played out!" exclaimed the old man, "it has never yet been played in." The answer was true in a sense, but it is also true that more of real Christianity is "being played in" throughout this wide, wide world than ever before. The disciples of Christ are

expressing better His mind and spirit. The full, comprehensive harmonies will be heard in an early coming day. Occasionally we catch the prophecy of what the full-toned organ will give to us.

Did we descend from an ape or from Adam? That is not the vital question. To what or to whom are we ascending?

The Hancock Shakers have decided to sell off a large part of their property. The colony has become greatly lessened in numbers during the past ten years, and its holdings now are a great deal larger than it can attend to with any degree of profit. They have about 3,000 acres, and there are only four men in the settlement to take care of them. So it goes elsewhere, and so it will be everywhere. Shakerism is doomed because it violates well-known fundamental laws. Nothing can endure in this day of light and life that is not fashioned after God's pattern as revealed in nature and the Scriptures.

A bad reputation fixes upon one somehow—the question is, how? Is it likely as a burr flying through the air and making its way into one's guarded chamber? No, the inevitable presumption is that one has been walking in some thicket favorable to burrs.

Of the "Holiness" convention recently held in Chicago, the *Interior*, always candid and just, says they did "their best to bring evangelical religion into ridicule," and it adds: "Their performances and their speeches have been on a low grade of comedy which attracted the religious cranks of the city, and were cheered with shouts and acrobatics by the lowest grade of intelligence and morals. That, with the thousand-dollar prize offered for fifteen converts, completed the humiliation."

The excellence of pretty much everything we do is measured by our interest in it. Just as surely as we lose any part of our interest the quality of our work perceptibly falls off. It is worth while, therefore, to encourage what might be called the sentiment of work—anything that makes us love it better.

In the long run, every one creates his own good or evil fortune. There is no such thing as purely fortuitous luck.

Just as every window opens skyward, so every sense we possess may disclose God to us, if we will. But even as we may live with closed and curtained windows, so we may live with senses that are perpetually closed to the natural revelations of God.

In the ordination service of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference the ex-president, Rev. Dr. Thomas Allen, delivered the impressive "charge," from which we excerpt the subjoined sentences for the benefit of our ministers on this side the water:

"In my charge I have touched, for the most part, on the human conditions of a successful ministry. I have done so because these things are so often overlooked. We neglect to qualify ourselves for the ministry, and yet we expect great success in our work. We think that the Almighty will make up for laziness, and we promise Him that if He will do so we will give Him all the praise. But He does not release us from our responsibility in that way. What we can do He expects us to do, and if we neglect it, it will be left undone, and we shall be held responsible for it in the last judgment. Talent is powerful; when a minister has lost his grace he retains his gifts, and, by preaching the truth, under favorable conditions, he can produce moral and spiritual effects. I am using no argument against the efficiency of personal consecration. I am merely contending that

talent as well as character, that nature as well as grace, is used to produce spiritual results. And this being so, all ministers are exposed to a very subtle temptation, the temptation to confound gifts with grace, power with goodness. As the late Canon Mozley has reminded us, intellectual gifts, imagination, poetic talent, power of expression, do not constitute any part of moral goodness. They are no more goodness than riches, health, or noble birth. Thus he says there enters into a great religious reputation a good deal which is not religion, but power. Under these circumstances self-deception is much easier than we often imagine. While pursuing our professional routine we may decline in grace until we are left with our gifts and our habits, and very little else. Possibly this is the reason why so many ministers lack the power to convert men. The Spirit of the Lord has left them and they know it not. Brethren, let us judge ourselves as we pass on through life, so that we may not be condemned with the world at the last."

Does it not seem unreasonably incongruous that a soul which can create a poem that lives for more than a thousand years, and then takes on a new lease of immortality, should die, should be extinguished, in less than a hundred years? Where is the logic of a philosophy like this? If we are going to settle anything on grounds of reason, let us propose something more reasonable.

Wesleyan Conference Notes

THE Wesleyan Methodist Conference, recently in session at Newcastle, appears to have been fully up to the average in interest and importance. It is well to compare, from time to time, their affairs with ours, both with reference to the differences and the similarities.

As with us, the book business is not in a very satisfactory state. Another decrease was reported in the circulation of the connectional periodicals, and an appeal was made to the ministers to secure an improvement. A new Hymnal is to be soon prepared, with Wesley's original hymn-book as its central portion, and invitations were extended to the New Connexion Methodists and the Wesleyan Reform Union to appoint members on the committee so as to have, if possible, one book that might eventually be adopted by all the Methodists in the country.

Another decrease—there was one last year—of about 2,000 was reported in the number of Sunday-school scholars. There are now 965,057. The officers and teachers number 130,402—a gain of 650. The church membership showed a total of 593,842 in full and on trial and in junior classes, with a total gain of 13,639.

The Conference unanimously declared its strenuous opposition to any change in the wording of the King's Coronation Oath which would in the slightest degree weaken the guarantee of Protestant succession.

The Bishop of Newcastle sent a very fraternal letter, giving them a cordial welcome to the city, and saying: "More and more Christian men are recognizing that the real conflict is between the forces of the Lord Jesus Christ on one side and indiffidence, unbelief, and open sin on the other. In this conflict there can be no question that we stand side by side, and if we labor patiently, without compromise of principle, but holding fast the Head, we shall be brought nearer together still in God's good time."

In the animated and profitable conversation on the "State of the work of God," which is always a feature of the session, it was brought out that no less than 150 lay representatives to the Conference (fully half) were class-leaders. A very successful gathering of these leaders was held, a

Leaders' Union was formed, and other steps taken to increase the efficiency and power of this noble body of men.

For the president who shall be formally elected a year from now, Rev. John Shaw Banks, professor at Headingly College, was almost unanimously nominated. Marshall Hartley, the efficient and long-time secretary of the Conference, would have been chosen president but for the fact that his duties as missionary secretary will take him out of the country for the next year or two. He was re-elected secretary by an overwhelming vote.

Rev. Thomas Champness, of the Joyful News Mission, aroused great feeling by introducing again his annual motion: "That, in view of the sorrow and sin caused by the drinking habits of the people, the Conference thinks it in the highest degree undesirable that any persons directly engaged in the liquor traffic should be nominated for office in the Wesleyan Methodist Church." All the principal men of the Conference opposed this most strenuously, and it obtained very few votes; but the tide of temperance sentiment appeared to be rising a little, and it seems inevitable that after a while the Wesleyan Methodist Church will at least cease to dignify and honor by promoting to office, even if it does not feel disposed to shut them from membership altogether, those who for the filthiest kind of lucre are promoters of this greatest source of misery and crime.

The subject of the ex-president's official sermon was, "Comfort ye my people." The president's official sermon was from the text, "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me." His inaugural address, at the beginning of the pastoral session, was on the "Teaching Office of the Church." All these were greatly enjoyed and enthusiastically praised. We have only space for a few sentences from the last, which was the most important: President Davison declared that this is not an age of denial or even of doubt, but of deep and searching inquiry, which penetrates to the fundamentals of religion; that a restatement of the old truth was greatly needed—something to make the pure gold into current coin so that it would pass—and should occasion no fear; that all the fresh knowledge of our time is to be gathered with humility and mastered and brought into the very light of the truth of God. We are not to imagine that the whole faith is destroyed because a detail is not put just as it used to be. The best way to preserve our orthodoxy is to vitalize the truth by making it more human, timely, and practical. The function of Wesleyan Methodism in the opening years of this century is to make a bridge between the intellect and the soul, more than has ever been done. The learned man need not be an infidel, nor the devout man a fool. The fact that we find it easier to get than to keep converts indicates that our zeal exceeds our knowledge and our earnestness exceeds our wisdom; they need to be fed and taught more carefully. While laying no less emphasis upon religious experience, we must make it a more thoughtful experience. Let the ministers, without pedantry, give themselves to hard thinking, careful study, thorough mastery of the Bible, an understanding of the human heart and life so as to be able to give such spiritual nourishment that our people will so value it that a man would not miss a Sunday morning sermon any more than he would miss his meal, knowing perfectly well that what we shall give him will be something which will not only please his ears and warm his heart, but which will be satisfying food for the needs of life.

AN IDYL OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

REV. BENJAMIN COPELAND.

Silently, to lowly minds,
God communicates His grace,
And the wondering spirit finds
The dear favor of His face.

Secretly the Voice divine
Whispers low to each, apart;
Suddenly, without a sign,
Shines His presence in the heart.

Like the light of evening star
Reigns the peace that heals all strife;
Passionless as lilies are,
Love enthrones the heavenly life.

Silently the morning breaks,
And the shadows flee away;
So, in death, the soul awakes
To the light of endless day!

Buffalo, N. Y.

VISIT TO BISHOP FOSTER

BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD.

IT was easy to think of the city of God where there is no night of pain or grief or death that August morning when I went out to visit Bishop Foster at his home in Newton Centre, near Boston. The heated spell was broken, the copious rains had washed the face of the city, suburbs, fields and gardens, the sun was unclouded, and the breeze was brisk and bracing. My traveling companion was that one person whose presence has made all bright things brighter and all burdens easier to be borne in this world for so many gracious years.

My meeting with the Bishop was not cold or formal. As I grasped his hand it was a source of gratification to me to see that it was the same Bishop Foster who stood before me—the Bishop Foster I had loved ever since I first read his book on "Christian Purity." Both of us were younger and stronger then than we are now. The strong, kindly face, the noble head with the white hair a little thinner, the bright dark eyes that still melt with tenderness if they do not flash with all of the old-time brilliancy of the pulpit orator whom thousands heard with delight and remember gratefully—yes, though weak and worn and weary and waiting, this is the same Bishop Foster whose hand held mine in a brotherly clasp.

"I have come to bring you a message—not my message, but a message from the Lord," I said to him: "All things work together for good to them that love God." You know by whom it was spoken and where it is recorded in the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. It means just what is said: 'all things' means all things, and in the present tense."

"Blessed be God, His word is true," said the patriarch with bowed head. "We cannot understand such a saying now, it is too deep for us, but we can trust our Lord. He is the Head."

The tone of his voice and the look on his face as he pronounced these four weighty words, "He is the Head," cannot be put on paper; but they expressed the faith that holds its grip and the hope that maketh not ashamed. Not far off is also the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.

All that passed during this brief yet gracious interview cannot be recited here. For several years Bishop Foster has been

disabled by bodily infirmity. He is now eighty-two years old. He has been a minister of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ sixty-five years, having begun at the age of seventeen. He has suffered much. With all humility and in sincere brotherly kindness I gave him the favorite prescription that I have tried to use during these last years of my own physical suffering: Three parts of patience, and one more part of patience—four-thirds, if that were an allowable mathematical expression. We who have preached patience to others have gracious opportunity given us to practice what we preach—and here is one of the things that works together with other things for our good.

Kneeling side by side we prayed together. Our prayer was a prayer of thanksgiving—thanksgiving for unfailing mercies going back, back through all our past lives, thanksgiving also for the hope that the grace that hath brought us safe thus far will bring us home at last. Surely the Lord was there, and we knew it.

"Give my love to the brethren," said the Bishop as we were taking our farewell—meaning by the "brethren" the million-and-a-half of Southern Methodists whose love for him antedates the troubles of later times, and who believe that never for one moment has he lost the fraternal heart-beat that is in us all now—thanks be to God! There was a solemnity and touching pathos when, in parting, we spoke of meeting again, he pointed upward with a wistful look in his eyes that seemed to express what was felt by Paul, the aged apostle, when he said that it was "far better to depart and be with Christ." This is the order of God's dealing with us: Patience under suffering now; glory everlasting to follow. All things do work together for good.

August 9, 1901.

A STRANGE BOOK

PROF. H. C. SHELDON, S. T. D.

ASIDE from prefatory matter, the new Index Librorum Prohibitorum, bearing date of 1900, is made up of two papal constitutions and a list of prohibited books. The constitutions, which are comparatively brief, are the new one of Leo XIII. and the *Sollicita ac provida* of Benedict XIV., the latter being alone excepted by Leo XIII. from the sentence of abrogation passed by him upon all previous decrees relative to the prohibition of books. The list of books put under ban comprises nearly three hundred pages printed in double columns.

The constitution of Leo XIII. mentions as prohibited all books, not excepted under the new rules, which were condemned by popes or ecumenical councils prior to year 1500; books of apostates, heretics, and schismatics, given to the advocacy of heresy or schism; books of non-Catholics which treat of religion *ex professo*, unless it is established that they contain nothing contrary to the Catholic faith; all versions of the Scriptures in the vernacular, even though made by Catholics, unless approved by the Holy See or issued under the watchcare of bishops with notes taken from the fathers of the church and from learned Catholic writers; all versions

of the Scriptures prepared in any language of the people by any class of non-Catholics, especially those which are distributed through Bible societies (professional students being granted, however, some liberty to use these versions); all books which detract from the honor of God, the Virgin, the saints, the Catholic Church and its worship. For knowingly reading (without special license), defending, or printing prohibited books, the penalty incurred is, according to the papal constitution, excommunication.

One feature in the book list, which is calculated to arrest attention, is the number of titles which it reproduces from early Protestant literature. The natural supposition would be that the general condemnation contained in the terms of the papal constitution would suffice for a literature so remote from the horizon of this generation. But no, the faithful are warned against volume after volume, many of them in Latin, from the pens of theologians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and the early part of the eighteenth. Works appear in the list which one would not be inclined to regard as likely to be specially appalling to the compilers of the Index—such as Bishop George Bull's treatise on the Trinity, a treatise which in its day earned the thanks of representatives of the Roman Catholic clergy of France; the religious writings of the devout Robert Boyle; the entire works of the liberal and peace-loving George Calixtus; the theological writings of the leading Arminian divines, Hugo Grotius, Episcopius, and Limborch. Why should these be taken and others be left? Why again out of the mass of nineteenth-century literature should such a book as the Theological Essays of F. D. Maurice be selected? The complexion of the list fairly raises the question whether the casting of lots is not a favorite means of decision in the Congregation of the Index.

Another noteworthy feature is the extent to which respect is paid to philosophical writings. Among those included in the prohibited list are Berkeley's "Minute Philosopher," Bacon's "De Dignitate et Argumentis Scientiarum," Descartes' "Opera Philosophica," Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," "Métaphysique et sur la Religion," Histories of Philosophy by Schwegler and Tennemann, also writings of Cudworth, Cousin, Frohschammer, Gioberti, Günther, Hobbes, Hume, and Spinoza. Why should some of these be mentioned in a list which omits the works of Hegel, Herbert Spencer, and others? One is also prompted to ask if some title less curiously suggestive of the mental predilections of the venerable Congregation could not have been found to fill in the space occupied by Whately's "Elements of Logic."

It is noticeable that among the historical writings which the Index distinguishes by its prohibition are some that have earned a well-nigh classic rank, such as Bingham's "Antiquities of the Christian Church," Hallam's "Constitutional History of England" and "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," Robertson's "History of the Reign of

Charles V., "Gregorovius' "Geschichte der Stadt Rom im Mittelalter," Sismondi's "Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age," also histories by Bishop Burnet, Friedrich, Gibbon, Grégoire, Guicciardini, Lenfant, and M'Crie. In the presence of such names one is inclined to ask: What is the distinction between the Index and a roll of honor? The same question recurs in the presence of such titles as Pascal's "Pensées," Montesquieu's "Esprit des Loix," and John Stuart Mills' "Principles of Political Economy."

Writers of romance are not very generously remembered. Victor Hugo is advertised only in respect of two of his productions — "Notre Dame de Paris," and "Les Misérables." Balzac's novels are prohibited *en masse*, as are also those of George Sand. As a matter of course Emile Zola gets an equal portion.

A somewhat scanty yet very significant attention is paid to the theme of Biblical criticism. The insertion of Richard Simon's "Histoire Critique du Vieux Testament" implies that the modern theories of the composite authorship of some of the principal parts of the Old Testament must be counted intolerable; for no one in advocating those theories could express greater reverence for Biblical authority than was expressed by Simon. In like manner the insertion of Lenormant's "Les Origines de l'Histoire" logically carries the conclusion that current archaeological inductions relative to the first passages of Biblical history must be regarded as under the ban. In its moderate and reverent spirit this work is a model. Less significance belongs to the mention of Mariano's "Gli Evangelii Sinottici," since this contains a rather pale and compromising theory of miracles, though otherwise it is by no means a specimen of radical New Testament criticism.

It hardly needs to be said that large respect is paid to books adverse in tone to pontifical absolutism, and that a very considerable attention is also given to those which criticise the teachings and practices of the Jesuits. For obvious reasons a specially effective work in either line is pretty sure to make a swift passage to the prohibited list.

As we looked over the Index we occasionally called to mind the words of one whose name stands in its columns. Referring to the method of the Congregation of the Index, François Huet wrote in 1853: "A condemnation worked up in the dark, without citation, without questioning, without any possible defence, and which refuses to produce its reasons, is not a judgment, but a defamation." Still the dominant reflection in our mind was of a different sort, and had reference to the enormous tribute which the new edition of the Index pays to tradition and to accident. For the insertion of a large proportion of the titles which it contains no reason can possibly be conceived except the fact that they appeared in previous editions. And for the insertion of very many of them in previous editions no cause can be assigned except the accident of specific challenge or accusation. The Index, in short, makes a capital contribution to the apotheosis of custom and accident. It is a good illustration of the fiasco into which a detailed attempt at ecclesiastical surveillance over the literature of a world teeming with

books, like this modern world of ours, is sure to run.

Professor Mariano, in the preface to the second edition of the book of his mentioned above, draws the inference that its inclusion in the prohibited list must have helped its sale, since the first edition was exhausted more quickly than might have been expected. It is to be hoped that many worthy volumes included in the Index Librorum Prohibitorum have received the like compensation for the attempts of despotic foolishness to brand and discredit them.

Boston University.

AS TO MORE BISHOPS

REV. CARLISLE B. HOLDING, D. D.

ZION'S HERALD recently suggested that eight new Bishops be elected by the next General Conference. Bishop McCabe is reported as saying the number should be thirty. Let the eight and the thirty be added, and then the number doubled, making seventy-six new bishops, and there would not be one too many, but, rather, a score too few, if —

Now the *if* is in the way, of course, but it ought not to be very hard to get the *if* out of the way when by so doing the cost is lessened and the objects sought more certainly and more easily attained. The *if* in the case is the presiding eldership. Seventy-six new bishops would not be one too many, but, rather, a score too few, if the presiding eldership should be abolished or radically, very radically, modified. Consider a few facts:

The Central Ohio Conference could support three bishops at no greater outlay of money than it now pays for one bishop one week in the year and six presiding elders every week in the year. Or, to be explicit, something over thirteen thousand dollars were paid last year for episcopal and sub-episcopal support, fifteen hundred dollars going to the Episcopal Fund for one week's presence of a presiding bishop. But suppose Bishop Warren remained within the bounds of the Conference all the year, and that Bishops McCabe and Hamilton, for instance, came also and gave their time, talent and fiery energy to this territory, is there any telling what good would have resulted? But there are five Conferences in Ohio, and each of them could have cared for three bishops for the year and been the gainer in money and in material and spiritual prosperity. That would make fifteen bishops for Ohio alone — and not one too many!

Think of the mighty impulse given to district conferences, to Epworth League conventions, by the presence of three live bishops at each of them! Think of the wave of enthusiasm sweeping over every county and township gathering if even one bishop would surely be present!

Yes, district them for four years. At the end of that time send three more or one more to each Conference. So, you see, that instead of eight new bishops, or thirty new bishops, we could easily and profitably use seventy-six new bishops, even twice seventy-six, if the presiding eldership were modified, very radically modified, or abolished.

Nor does any of this view reflect disparagingly upon presiding elders; it is only on the "ship" part of it. Many

present presiding elders, doubtless, would pass on and up to be permanent superintendents or bishops.

Why not make the beginning of the present century memorable by doing all this? Is there anything too hard that is also wise and glorious for the mighty hosts of American Methodism to do?

Ottawa, Ohio.

Scatter Sunshine

Put a bit of sunshine in the day;
Others need its cheer, and so do you —
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine making yours to do.

Give the day a streak of rosy dawn;
Give it, too, a touch of highest noon;
Make the ones about you wonder why
Sunset crimson should appear "so soon."

Sunshine-making is a blessed task;
Cheery hearts, like lovely, wide blue sky,
Banish weary gloom and give fresh hope,
Check the rising tear or thoughtless sigh.

Put the golden sunshine in each day;
Others need the cheer that comes through
you —
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

— JUNIATA STAFFORD, in "Flowers of the Grasses."

WHO SHOULD NOT ENTER THE MINISTRY

REV. GEORGE B. STEWART, D. D.
President of Auburn Theological Seminary.

YOUNG men are seeking a life-work. The ministry is inviting young men. It may help to determine who should choose the ministry by discovering who should not. The process of elimination has its value. There are men who manifestly are unfitted to this calling. It is more than probable that the following are some of them:

1. Men having certain physical defects.

It is not possible to enumerate them, but some of them are easily recognized. No one would advise an incurable stammerer to enter the ministry. An incurable dyspeptic enters it with a heavy handicap. A young man with health so frail and delicate that he must spend a large part of his time nursing himself may well pause before a calling that demands the whole of a man's time. It is too strenuous a life for a weakling.

2. Men having certain intellectual defects.

Surely an idiot ought not to enter the ministry. Nor an ignoramus, nor a rattle-brain fellow, nor a man with an undisciplined or empty mind. If these defects are ineradicable they are fatal to ministerial usefulness. The more intellectual gifts, the more mental vigor, a young man has, the more is he qualified for this calling and the louder is its call upon him. By so much as he is lacking in these, by so much is he incapacitated, and the incapacity has a point beyond which it is dangerous to go.

3. Men who lack a social nature.

This does not include men who are shy, or diffident, or who lack in social gifts. These are matters of opportunity and education. These defects, where they are defects, are removable. But it does include the incurable recluse, the man who has no social instincts; who "flocks by himself," and cannot be broken of the bad habit. The man who has no social instinct, no capacity for feeling himself in another man, no sense of the claims of fellow man, has no business in the calling that depends

more than any other upon the social nature for its effectiveness. Social gifts and graces can be cultivated, but this social nature is created. The lack of gifts and graces ought to be removed, during the course of preparation, but it is doubtful whether any training can remove the defect in nature.

4. Men who lack certain dispositional qualities.

It is difficult to make a satisfactory list of these, but humor, gumption, cheerfulness, ought to be in the list. A sense of humor is a saving grace. It is essential in the ministry; the minister is predisposed to take himself, his mission, the world, too seriously. If he have no sense of humor, he will break under the strain of his task. Men will say he is too conscientious and will discount his work. Gumption enables a man to size up a situation and adjust himself to it. It may be called common sense, or tact, but called by any other name, it is essential. Without it the minister goes blundering along, making mistakes whose disastrous consequences his best friends cannot avert. Cheerfulness or hopefulness is not only a becoming characteristic in a minister of the Gospel of hope and cheer, it is indispensable. It is his business to dispense these to a sad, gloomy and hopeless world. He must carry sunshine into many a darkened room, and hope to many a man that is beaten and down. He must have an inexhaustible supply of this grace on tap. Moroseness, the dark-side-of-life disposition, if incurable, is fatal to ministerial effectiveness.

A bright woman recently observed that there ought to be in the theological seminary a professor of worldly knowledge. I think I know what she meant, and if I do, she was referring to those ministerial qualifications of which I am writing—those qualities which enable a man to adjust himself to the world, so as to best understand the world, and be of most use to it. Unfortunately the professor could only call forth and train the qualities already existing, but if his student has not these qualities at least as latent talent, the task is hopeless and the minister will be a failure.

5. Men who lack capacity for leadership.

The minister has always been a leader, but in the past he led more by virtue of his official position. If he lead nowadays he must do it by virtue of his ability to lead. The capacity which makes a man an officer in an army, a captain of a ship, an executive head of an industrial enterprise, is a capacity which the minister must have. If he have it in no degree an inane ministry stares him in the face. The larger his capacity in this regard, the larger is his influence.

6. Men who lack character.

This goes without saying. Character is an important factor in the practice of every profession. It is essential in the ministry. A man without high ideals, a clean life, an acquaintance with God, has no place in the ministry. He must be good, and good for something.

7. Men who lack the highest motives for seeking the ministry.

Every young man contemplating the ministry ought to ask: "Why do I desire to enter the ministry?" And whatever else the answer be, it must be this: "I desire to enter the ministry because I am persuaded that here I can best glorify God and serve men." If this motive be present, it is enough. If it be absent, all others combined are not sufficient. The ministry calls for the same consecration as martyrdom. No man may enter it unless he gives himself utterly to it without thought of personal advantage or gain.

It is a delicate task to apply these tests. Men do not know themselves. They are

unskillful in self-examination. It requires an expert to tell what mature character lies wrapped in the embryo. The germs of the necessary qualities may lie buried in the young man beyond the ken of nearest friend, beyond his own consciousness. Nevertheless they must be looked for in the germ and their absence creates a presumption against the fitness of the candidate for the ministry. This is a high standard for entrance. Yes, and to the highest calling. No man in himself may feel equal to it. But the man with high ideals, with human sympathies, with a vision, a self-forgetful purpose, a hunger to help men, will hear in these exalted conditions a challenge to enter this exalted calling. — *New York Observer*.

ATTEMPTING TOO MUCH

REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT.

SEVERAL trains on an eastern railroad were recently delayed, much to the vexation of their impatient occupants, through what might seem to have been but a trifling accident. Although these trains were scheduled as "fast" expresses, they were obliged to remain fast in one place, until after awhile they received orders to come down on the "up" track, all because a clumsy freight was blocking the way. When at last the express, slowly pulled past the recalcitrant freight no scene of wreckage, fortunately, was presented to view, but it was observed that the broken-down train had simply parted in the middle. "Pulled out a draw-head!" was the brief explanation. A draw-head is the end of the draw-bar, or heavy beam that runs under the car, to the outer extremity of which the coupling is attached. The heavy freight, partly made up of flat cars loaded with huge blocks of stone and drawn by two engines, had attempted to make a heavy grade. Somewhere along the line of the train, however, a draw-head proved too weak to stand the strain, and pulled out. Whose fault it was might be hard to determine. Perhaps the original builder, or the party who last repaired the car, or the inspector, or a trainman, was at fault. At any rate, a vexatious and unnecessary delay, though fortunately no worse calamity ensued because that "double-header" freight attempted too much.

It is just so in life. All around us we observe people who are attempting too much. Ambition is laudable to a degree, but too much ambition of the wrong kind involves its possessors in dire difficulties. There are tasks that are beyond the ability of this or that particular man, and the individual might as well admit it. The thing can be done by somebody else, perhaps, but not by that man. It may be true in general that "there is room at the top," but not at the top of every particular steep up which any one individual may elect to puff and pant. Because of a failure to recognize this fact many an over-eager aspirant becomes "stalled" on the track, or pulls out a draw-head on a heavy grade.

In the moral as well as the mechanical sphere, however, many a well-meant attempt ends in failure because of a lack of proper equipment for life's tasks. The draw-head pulls out because the draw-head is weak, or not properly secured to the car. The rolling-stock was sent out upon the road insufficiently prepared to

withstand the inevitable jarring, buffeting and jerking to which it would be subjected. On a level, when traveling light, all perhaps goes well, but when weighed with heavy freight on an up-grade, the inadequacy of the equipment is at once revealed. It is so in railroading, and it is so in life. The ill-prepared man may cut a fine figure for awhile, and even seem to outdo his less conspicuous fellows, but when the tug comes on a slope of difficulty he loses his head, breaks a coupling, and comes to a halt; or even begins to slip rapidly back, threatening disaster to all upon whom he retreats.

It is right to attempt much, but only along providentially indicated lines, and when provided with the right sort of mental, moral and physical equipment.

Closter, N. J.

FINGER EXERCISES

GEORGIA D. HUSON MOORE.

IT was at the weekly prayer-meeting. Uncle Jack Conners was leading, and in his crude way, so well known to his hearers, he endeavored to impress upon them the necessity of persistence in little duties. He said: "It's the finger exercises that makes yer hands run over the organ so easy. I don't know nothin' about playin', but I've heard my gals say that they hated them finger exercises, but they'd have to learn 'em if they ever expected to play decent. Then I've heard 'em runnin' over scales, jest as we used to do in singin' school, until we never wanted to see a scale agin. Now ain't there some scales an' finger exercises in life? — some things thet don't jest suit us, and we don't want to do 'em? An' don't we need 'em to make our livin' smooth an' good? If we don't practice the scales here, what'll we do when God asks us to 'play a tune' in heaven?"

Uncle Jack had said enough, and, knowing it, left the yeast to work.

Crystal Johnson and her brother went home unusually thoughtful. They were the youngest children of a large family, the rest of whom had "spread their wings and flown," leaving the aged parents dependent upon these two. They, however, had little taste for farm life, and would leave the old home nest to build in other atmosphere. Uncle Jack's thought caused them to pause in their purpose, and before reaching home Bert said:

"Crys, I guess we won't have to get any one to help us to find our 'scale'; it's right in front of us, and it's just the plain scale of C, too."

"I know what you mean, Bert, and I agree with you that there's nothing to do but to stay at home with father and mother. It may be plain C, as you say, but practice may make it a beautiful twilight song. We'll try it, anyway."

The pastor and his wife were very serious. Their field of labor was a discouraging one, bringing much care and heart-ache. The old truth, expressed in Uncle Jack's blunt way, gave them a brighter vision of their duties.

"We may play more heavenly music for this troubling practice, dear," Mrs. Halleck said, when they were talking it over. "What a rich thought it was that old Uncle Jack gave us tonight!"

"Yes. We'll try with more courage

now, and some soul may be helped by our music," said her husband.

Mrs. Bishop, too, heard it. Since the death of her husband and of her only child, six years before, she had lived alone in her beautiful gray stone mansion. Week after week saw her sitting cold and stolid through the church services. Not a ray of light seemed to enter her soul; even heaven was shut from her. The year before, a railroad accident had orphaned her only niece, a child of eight years. She might have shared her life and wealth with the child, but her heart had been too long shut to open to a slight appeal.

Returning to her desolate home, she retired as usual. She tossed restlessly under her dainty coverings; sleep would not come to her. Ever she heard the words: "If we don't practice the 'scales' here, what'll we do when God asks us to 'play a tune' in heaven?" Wasn't all her treasure in heaven? Some day she would want to join the heavenly music sung in the key of "love." Could she do it without practice here? Tears filled her eyes, the first during the whole six years, and looking up to heaven she cried: "O Jesus! All these years have been wasted. Forgive me, and help me to find my 'scale!'"

She thought over the past years of seclusion and slighted opportunity. In the light of the early morning she could see the luxurious furnishings of her home, which she had shut from the enjoyment of others. Here might be one "finger exercise." There was the dainty room left by her own little girl, and she had refused shelter to her orphaned niece.

From that time her home was wholly changed. The child was there, a living sunbeam, and no needy one was ever turned away. Many poor, lonely souls heard her song of peace, and rejoiced.

The strain from Uncle Jack's song was sweeter than he knew. It bore the signature of the Heavenly Musician. His scale of C had become the scale of "love."

Kingman, Me.

CHANGES IN THEOLOGICAL VIEWS

[From the *Congregationalist*.]

THE question, "What is the matter with the Congregational minister?" interests many, as our correspondence shows. One thing that several laymen are troubled about is a change in the character of the preaching, though just how to define the change does not seem to be easy. ZION'S HERALD has asked a number of New England Methodist ministers to state briefly what changes, if any, have occurred in their theological views in the last ten years. The published replies are especially interesting to us, because of the fact recently discussed in our columns that many Congregational churches seem to prefer Methodist pastors.

Ten years is too short a time to show marked transformations in belief, though it was necessary to limit the time in order to take the testimony of young men, many of whom must have entered the ministry in a different attitude toward theological systems from that which prevailed twenty-five years ago.

A study of the statements of these twenty Methodist ministers does not show

any marked difference from what we should expect would be the testimony of as many Congregational ministers selected in the same way, except that some of them have discarded the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification. This, probably, never was held by the others, who do not mention it.

Four of the twenty are not conscious of any change or movement in their theological belief. They appear to have been long enough in the ministry to have become established in their belief. One has read modern treatises only to find them confirming the views he had already adopted. He holds that Moses wrote Genesis, and he says, sensibly, that "Moses used language to enlighten, not to mystify, the reader." He finds it more reasonable to believe that God did all that Moses says he did in 144 hours than to accept the assertion that "day" means 144 years or centuries.

The changes of view noted by the others are of different degrees, and are plainly to be traced to modified opinions of the inspiration of the Bible. The most radical statement is from one who says that a more rational theory of the inspiration of the Scriptures "has freed me from unnecessary obligation to Paul's dogmatic theology, founded largely, as we now believe, on an untenable view of Genesis. It has impressed me with the fact that the supreme authority is the voice of God in the soul."

One writer says that the doctrine of evolution "has not made God seem less necessary and real; it has thrown light on God's method of doing things." Another finds "that the reign of physical law is joining forces with revelation as never before to rebuke lawlessness, which is sin." Another finds that the changes he has experienced are due to "the greater emphasis placed on the divine immanence. Inspiration, incarnation, atonement, new birth and future things have broader scope and deeper significance than formerly." One says: "I believe in Jesus Christ, a living personality, an abiding presence, as truly as I believe in my own existence. It is about all that I thoroughly and satisfactorily believe. I think it enough." In a like spirit several declare their strengthening purpose to preach man's need of salvation and Jesus Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour, and to live as nearly as possible His life before men.

These testimonies, taken as a whole, are such as will increase the confidence of of laymen in the intelligent study, consecration and faith of the clergy they represent. They are men with a conviction that God is the source and life of all creation, the Father of our spirits; that men are sinners, with one supreme need, and that redemption; that Christ has come, a sufficient Redeemer, and that the supreme purpose of every worthy life is to live like Him, with His assurance that power so to live is given to His disciples, and to live forever with Him.

As a brief typical expression of belief we quote from one of these ministers, Rev. Dillon Bronson, who says his change in views was due largely to the influence of Phillips Brooks:

I now regard every soul that is growing toward God as "being saved" and every

soul growing away from God—whatever his profession—as being lost. I believe in Christ as God enfleshed and have given up my early tritheism to worship one God in three supreme manifestations as Creator, Redeemer and Abiding Comforter. I believe the aim of punishment is to wean God's wayward children from sin, that church services are a means to develop Christlike character, and that the only way to glorify our Father is by following in the steps of our Elder Brother, who went about doing good. I believe that God requires of us only the things that develop our own possibilities, and that the holy Church of Christ has often magnified non-essentials and overlooked the one thing necessary—a life that will remind the world of our common Master.

THE CITY OF GOD

REV. GEORGE MATHESON, D. D.

"New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven."
—REV. 3: 12.

ALL the old Jerusalems go up. The cities of this world are ambitious to beautify themselves. They have the pride of the Tower of Babel. So eager are they to ascend that the upper part of them leaves the lower behind, and there is a great gulf fixed between rich and poor. The Jerusalems of earth are ever flying from their lowly places—sending their best men into the heights where they shall escape the cry of the vulgar crowd. But it is not so with the New Jerusalem, the city of my God. This has ever a descending attitude. Its goal is towards the places from which the cities of the world wish to fly; it moves downward. It is afraid to reap a solitary privilege, a privilege not shared by all. It knows well that its high places must catch the sun; but it wants its vales to catch it too. It is anxious for the masses—those that toil and spin, those that hunger and thirst, those that work and weep. It would bring the grapes of Eschol to the lips that are parched, the rose of Sharon to the eyes that are weary, the chariots of Israel to the feet that are lame. It would take foundling children to the arms of shelter. It would bring the leper from the tombs. It would lead blind Bartimeus from the cold streets. It would make a place for the beggar Lazarus within the gates. It would let Christ speak to the demoniac. It would give penitent Peter a new commission after his great denial. It would light a warm fire for Magdalene when she had washed the Divine feet with her tears.

Thou art descending, O city of God! I see thee coming nearer and nearer. Tongues are dead; prophecies are dying; but charity is born. Our castles rise into the air and vanish; but love is bending lower every day. Man says, "Let us make a tower on earth which shall reach unto heaven;" but God says, "Let us make a tower in heaven which shall reach unto the earth." O descending city, O humanitarian city, O city for the outcast and forlorn, we hail thee, we greet thee, we meet thee! All the isles wait for thee—the lives riven from the mainland—the isolated, shunted, stranded lives. They sing a new song at thy coming, and the burden of its music is this, "He hath prepared for me a city."

—The little rift foretells the wreck. It is a dangerous thing to strain the conscience even in trifling matters. The crack in the Bell of Liberty was at first only a slight flaw in the metal, but time and accident widened it until now that mouth-piece of early freedom is only a curious and useless relic. A flaw in conscience, unless watched and remedied, will become a widening rift, which must at last destroy the use and meaning of life.—*Epworth Era*.

THE FAMILY

THE WEIRD OF THE MORROW

You'll be sorry tomorrow, sorry
For the harsh words said today;
You will wish you had waited a little,
Till the ill mood passed away.
You will grieve for the friend you wounded,
But you'll grieve till your heart is sore
For the strife and sin that entered in
When anger set wide the door.

You'll be sorry tomorrow, sorry
That an old face quivered and broke.
As if a blow had struck it,
At the hasty words you spoke.
You'll be low in your mind tomorrow,
That a little child with dread
At the glance of your eye went hurrying by,
With downcast, drooping head.

You'll be sorry tomorrow, sorry
That you played the cowardly part,
That you hid in a mask of silence
And the hypocrite's hateful art.
For silence is sometimes shameful,
And born of the mean degree,
And it creeps away at the end of the day,
To lurk where the mean things be.

You'll be sorry tomorrow, sorry
For the deed that lears the light.
Oh, why wait for the morrow
Ere you give yourself for the right?
Oh, why not summon your manhood?
Be noble and brave today;
There is grace to be had for Galahad,
As he rides on his perilous way.

Sorry tomorrow? Truly
'Twere better to be content,
And have no guilt to atone for,
No willful sins to repent.
The word, the look, the action,
By the help of God may wear
That light of heaven, forever given
In the hush of the answered prayer.

— MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Youth's Companion*.

A HUNDRED FOLD

ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"AT one time while practising in the — city hospital," said young Dr. Bell, "I was relieved of duty an hour or two before midnight, as the case might be — a dismal, melancholy hour to make my way through the nearly deserted streets. But every now and then a relieving feature was the meeting of the actors going home from a pleasure-garden near by — sometimes in tights, with an old cloak or mackintosh about them, always with the paint upon their faces, making a grotesque picture in the shadowy street; but they always made way for me, touching their caps, and always a shrill voice said, 'Good-evening, Doctor,' or 'Heaven bless you, Doctor!' as the group passed.

"I could not help observing that the smallest of the boys, in passing the hospital entrance, always sprang up, clung to the post, and put something in the charity box, the opening of which was quite out of his reach, and that the act always elicited some good-natured chaffing from his companions: 'Oh, come on, kid, you're not made of gold! You can't afford that every time.' 'Oh, he don't put nothin' in; he only goes through the motions to show off,' or some such bantering exclamation, to which the kid did not retort.

"The child interested me so much that

after a while I mentioned him to the old doorkeeper who always let me out.

"Oh, for certain, Doctor, it's little Dan," he said, looking pleased. 'The spryest little chap in the whole circus. A year ago or so he got a fall and a bad hurt, and they brought him in here supposing, of course, he would die; but the surgeons fixed him up, and the nurses, bless them, couldn't do enough for him, and he pulled through; but while he was here' — this in a softened voice — 'he came to know about the 'Children's Friend,' Jesus, you know, and when he went away he said to me, right at the door here (you see, I used to carry him in a flower or a toy now and then, that my little grandchild had sent, so we had got to be real friends), as he clung to my hand, 'They've saved me in there, body and soul, and I shan't forget it;' and he hasn't, Doctor. Wait a bit, and after he comes along tonight I will open the box and show you. I often stand here in the shadow and watch for the faithful little chap.'

"So I lingered, looking out of an alcove window back of the heavy door. It was a dull, chill, dingy night, the gray darkness seeming to crowd in more gloomy than usual over that gloomy section of the great city.

"The performance has been over for some minutes now," said my companion. 'I can tell by the way the lights are turned down. There they come; and see, just see, little Dan!' for, as the lad made his usual spring, a tall young fellow lifted him, saying, with a laugh, 'The iron is too cold for you tonight, my kid.'

"Thank you, Jack," said the shrill voice with which I had grown familiar; and the old doorkeeper said: 'The main stream of love in that boy's heart has flowed out in little rills of love until all who know him feel and show the influence. Now I'll go out and unlock the box.'

"Here it is," he said, coming back, 'still moist from the grasp of the dear little hand. Just smooth out the paper and look at it.'

"I did so. 'One cent!' I exclaimed, with a contemptible little twinge of surprised disappointment.

"Yes," said the old man, 'regular every night, anywhere from a cent to a dime, and once 'twas a silver quarter. Look at the paper.'

"Why," I said, in astonishment, 'it is a part of a Sunday-school leaflet.'

"Yes, Scripture verses. He goes to a Sunday-school, and the bits of Bible seem so precious to him that he gathers up the old lesson leaves and gives them around, and always his offering to this box is wrapped in a nice little bit with a text. What is this one?'

"I am the way, the truth, and the life," I read. 'What shall you do with it?'

"Just what I always do. I will tell you. Tomorrow morning when something takes me through the wards — for I am here, there, and everywhere all over the place, you know — I shall give it to some sad-faced patient and tell about our Dan. I shall not preach, but I give the text and the coin. It's a bright one, you see. It's more than a guess that he picked out the one that shone the most and then gave it a rub on his sleeve or

knee. It's a seed. There's more than a chance that 'twill spring up and grow.'

"That child ought to be taken away from that show and be sent to some good school," I said; but the old man's reply changed my mind:

"Let the boy alone. The Lord is using him. You have no idea how the contributions have increased since he went out from here; and they come from charity of the right sort. See there!" and I peered out over the doorkeeper's shoulder. The tall young man who had lifted little Dan only a few minutes before, was going back, and as he strode past the charity-box he lifted his hand with a quick movement. The doorkeeper watched him until he crossed over and turned the corner, then he stepped out, opened the box, and coming in showed a silver dollar.

"A hundred fold!" he said."

Willington, Conn.

AUGUST

No wind, no bird. The river flames like brass.

On either side, smitten as with a spell
Of silence, brood the fields. In the deep grass

Edging the dusty roads, lie as they fell
Handfuls of shriveled leaves from tree and bush.

But 'long the orchard fence and at the gate,
Thrusting their saffron torches through the bush,

Wild lilies blaze, and bees hum soon and late.

Rust-colored the tall straggling brier, not one

Rose left. The spider sets its loom up there
Close to the roots, and spins out in the sun
A silken web from twig to twig. The air
Is full of hot, rank scents. Upon the hill
Drifts the noon's single cloud, white, glaring, still.

— Lizette Woodworth Reese.

MILLY'S MARRIAGE

ALICE T. CURTIS.

"IT was enough for me when I saw how his barn was located. There 'twas, stuck right up across the road from the house, so that, look out of any window on the front side, you couldn't see a thing but barn. Then the house backed right up into an alder swamp. And mortgaged for seven hundred dollars!

"Well, when Milly tells me that she was going to marry Wells Tucker, I couldn't believe her. Says I, 'You've seen his place?' and she laughs and says, 'Oh, yes, every time we go to ride we go by there.'

"We thought a good deal of Milly. I had the bringing up of her after her mother died, and not having children myself, she seemed pretty near to me. She learned the milliner's trade with Miss Bates, and was real tisty. Between seasons she used to do sewing, and she was saving and prudent, and though she wa'n't as pretty as some, she was a nice girl and folks respected her.

"I s'pose one thing that sort of drew her and Wells Tucker together was the way they was left. He was an orphan, and an old uncle took him to bring up; and he made that boy work early and late, and kind of taunted him with being

poor and worthless. So, quick as Wells was twenty-one, he made a bargain for the old Mason place on the Ipswich road. 'Twa'n't worth a thing, and the folks that owned it was glad enough to let Wells take it and give 'em a mortgage back. The house was low, and, as I said in the first place, there was the barn right in front of it. There wa'n't no neighbors to speak of, but I don't mention that as a drawback, for I don't so consider it. But 'twas a lonesome place. The fields were growing up with brakes, and how Wells ever expected to pay for it was mor'n I could see.

"But he worked dreadful hard. He fixed the house up considerable inside, doing everything himself. He laid new floors, getting the timber out of his wood-lot; and he painted and papered, and built cupboards, and did all this evenings and times when other men rested, for daytimes he was cutting wood or ploughing, fixing up fences, and doing every way he could to make a crop.

"He'd had the place a year before I begun to realize that he and Milly was getting to think considerable of each other, and I spoke to her right off. Says I: 'I hope you ain't got any serious thoughts of Wells Tucker?' She looked just as pleasant as ever, and laughs a little, and says she, 'We're going to be married New Year's.' Then she told me that Wells had made two payments on the farm, that he'd made considerable by making maple sugar the spring before, and that the old orchard had had a good crop of apples which he'd sold for a good price; and she seemed to think the future looked dreadful bright.

"Then I called her attention to the barn, and says she, 'It's real handy in winter to have it so near, and the house facing east, the barn keeps off the cold winds.' She didn't seem to mind the alders either, though I mentioned them, but she said Wells planned to clear those all away and plough up the land and get it under cultivation. 'We'll have a nice field there in a few years,' says she cheerfully.

"Milly had always been real handy about the house. When she wa'n't out to work she used to do about everything. Silas always said that he'd rather have Milly do up his shirts than have me do 'em; and she made good bread and was a prudent cook. Her health was good and always had been, and she had saved up nearly two hundred dollars, so, taking it all into consideration, it seemed to me that she might have done better than to marry Wells Tucker and live opposite that barn, and I told her so.

"But she was set to do it. After living in the village all her life, learning millinery and all, she was bound to help him pay for that farm. 'He's had a dreadful hard time, Aunt Ophelia,' said she. 'Don't you remember when he was a little fellow his uncle wouldn't let him sit in the sitting-room with the family, but used to send him to bed as soon as the chores were done? And he never had things like other boys. I remember one winter he wore a straw hat to school. I always used to be sorry for him, and he was always such a good boy, too.'

"Well, after she said that, I see 't wa'n't no use reminding her of the barn.

Because when a girl begins to feel sorry for a boy when he ain't but ten years old, and makes up her mind that somebody ought to make up to him for what he's been through, a barn more nor less ain't going to stop her.

"When it got near Thanksgiving time Milly got me to go out to Wells' place with her. 'We ain't going to have any carpets,' says she, 'for I never liked 'em, but I am going to buy some rugs; and poor Wells can't have much in the house, I don't suppose, so I'll see what's needed.'

"Wells had lived all alone; he'd done his own cooking and washing, and we was both prepared to find everything at loose ends. But we didn't. Milly had a key to the kitchen door, and we went in that way. I wish't you could have seen that room. Neat — neat as wax! He'd bought a new stove, and it shone like a mirror. The floor was hard wood, and he'd oiled it and rubbed it till 't wa'n't hardly safe to walk on; and Milly says right off, 'We'll have to have rugs here.'

"Then he'd got shades for the windows; and the sink was new, and he had two or three good-looking chairs and a shiny oak table with a lamp on it with a white shade. Milly stepped into the cupboard, and says she, in kind of a trembly voice, 'Aunt Ophelia, look' here; 'and I followed her, and my own cupboard never compared with it. The new shelves were all clean and shiny, and there was as pretty a set of blue dishes as you'd wish to see; and tin ware, 'bout every size of pan or measuring dish you could think of, and all bright as new tin always is — and there ain't nothing brighter. Milly looked at me and says she, 'I don't know how Wells could do it; the poor boy must have gone hungry.'

"I see she needed cheering up, so says I, 'He don't look as if he did,' and that made her laugh (Milly always laughs dreadful easy), for Wells is six foot and considerable stout.

"We looked about the house, and though there wa'n't a useless thing in it, he'd got about all the necessary things. He'd bought a nice iron bedstead and a good pine bureau and a rattan rocking-chair for Milly's bedroom. There wa'n't nothing in the sitting-room except an open Franklin stove and a lounge and a table, and there wa'n't a thing in the chambers; but Milly looked as proud and happy as though 'twas furnished like a palace.

"Ain't he done well, Aunt Ophelia?' she'd keep saying, and she got kind of teary every little while. She kept saying that she knew he hadn't had proper food and clothing, that he'd spent all he could to make the place nice for her, and she wanted to know if everything didn't look nice. But that barn kept rising right up before me, and I couldn't agree as I wanted to.

"Well, she married him that New Year's, and that's nearly five years ago. They've paid for the place, and Milly has got about the best husband that ever was, and she's made him a good wife. Their house is fixed up nice as a pin. That alder swamp has all been cleared away, and makes good mowing. Wells built a porch on to one end of the house facing south, and cut a door right into the sitting-room, so that you can sit out there and see what there is to see, but you can't see the

barn, and that reconciles me more to Milly's marriage than anything — that is, more than anything except 'twas little Ophelia. They named her after me, and she's as nice a little girl for her age as you'd wish to see."

Roxbury, Mass.

LAST MONTH

Last month, the window-panes by which
I sewed,
With tiny finger-prints were often
blurred;
Fretted, because they marred the prospect
fair,
I grieved the maker oft with chiding
word.

Today the window-panes shine faultlessly,
Upon the polished glass no spot appears;
And yet the prospect fair is hidden still
Because my eyes are full of blinding
tears.

And well I know no artist's dearest touch,
Informed by ne'er so keen an artist's
brain,
Could paint so dear a scene as memory
holds
Of soiling fingers on a window-pane.

Mothers, the time at longest is so brief
That we can hold our own in closest
touch —
Either God calls them, or the world en-
gulf;
We shall not hurt by patience overmuch.

— *The American Mother.*

Secret of a Long Life

YOU sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. You wonder how this has come about. You wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She kept her nerves well in hand and inflicted them on no one.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant things.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions and did not believe all the world wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered. This is the secret of a long life and a happy one. — *Selected.*

She Studied Grasses

ON the day after Margaret came back from school, she looked around with discontent.

Her home was a poor farmhouse among the Pennsylvania mountains. There was no railway near; no town, only a small village of coal miners. She had not an educated friend or neighbor. There was not a soul near who cared for the books or music so dear to her. Her mother was an invalid, and it would be Margaret's duty to nurse her as long as she lived.

She looked out at the close rampart of encircling hills that shut her in. Nothing inside to live for — nothing! Some of her

classmates were going into the society of great cities, others had gone abroad. She was here.

Life that first day seemed barren enough. On the second she noticed in the field a kind of grass unknown to her. Presently she found another. She had thought all grass was alike, but now she grew curious and interested.

Every moment she could spare from her work she spent in searching for new grasses. She made a tiny garden for them, sowed each kind in a separate bed, and watched their habits. When her hobby became known her friends sent her grasses from every State, from Europe, Asia, and the islands of the Pacific.

As years passed, she collected the facts she had discovered about the grasses and published them. Then she found herself one of the great clan of wise folk who lived near to Nature, and loved her and were friendly together. They wrote to her, came to visit her, took her into their company. She never felt lonely or friendless again.

Other lively women and men cut off from their kind have found work and companionship in bees, in a single plant, in the moths that fluttered into their sick-rooms, or the moss on the window ledge of their prison cell.

Men may prove vulgar or indifferent or unkind to us, but Nature is always waiting for our notice and love. She is always the best of good company and the most faithful of friends.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE MOTHER'S HEALTH

GRACE PECKHAM MURRAY, M. D.

ONE of the most powerful and startling books of the day is that written by Zola, entitled "Fécondité." The aim of the book is to arouse French women to the blessings which come from motherhood, not only increasing the power of the family, but that of the nation. The book was called forth by the returns of the French census, the statistics of which showed that the number of French children born in the last decade has notably decreased. The women of America have likewise been arraigned for their lack of appreciation of the grandeur of motherhood, and their unwillingness to fulfil its duties.

Such a charge is very unjust. American women undertake the cares, burdens, and responsibilities of motherhood with a pleasure and unselfishness truly admirable. Certain physicians in New York and Boston who are specialists cry out against the higher education of women, and go so far as to say that the development of the brain of the growing girl is at the expense of the other organs of the body, and the result is to impair her power of having children, or, if they come, such offspring are imperfectly equipped either physically or mentally. Such reasoning is fallacious and mischievous. It would be much nearer the truth to dwell upon the youthful follies and dissipations of the fathers, than the over-education of the mothers when passing from girlhood to womanhood. The reason of the smaller families of native Americans is not to be found in the over-education of the girls, which engenders an inability for motherhood, or a repugnance to it, but to the great underlying causes, subtle and complex, which govern vegetable and animal life alike. The higher the cultivation the less reproduction. The valueless weeds will choke out and overrun the useful vegetables. The low-born penniless foreigner will have a countless flock of children while the millionaire's wife is consumed with grief that she is childless.

The broader the mind the greater the

cultivation, the better fitted is the woman for her duties of motherhood. That the physique should be at full perfection is an accepted fact, though it not infrequently occurs that a puny, sickly woman will have a wonderfully beautiful and perfect baby. It would seem that the child had taken all her health and strength. Then again the strong and robust woman will bring forth small and sickly children, who have taken from their mother none of her vitality. So many and diverse conditions act and react upon the child before birth, which are seldom if ever taken into consideration. The physique of the mother is only one factor. The most powerful of all is the mental condition. If the mind is perturbed, if there are fretfulness and discontent and general unhappiness, they are written upon the child. As the phonograph receives sound, and makes a record of it upon the wax which will endure as long as the cylinder is preserved, so the moods and whims and fancies of the mother are written upon the unborn child, and not only those of the mother, but also those of the father. Then the long line of ancestors on either side contribute something to the newly formed being, who is to carry forward the race. Aside from these impressions, which come from the physical and mental conditions and the hereditary tendencies, the child is very much affected by externals. The Greeks fully realized and appreciated this truth, but it is almost lost sight of in the modern life. The expectant mother should not only hold herself tranquil, and think beautiful and lofty thoughts, but whatever appeals to her senses should be of the highest and noblest. Her ears should hear the divinest harmonies, her eyes should look upon the highest forms of art. There can be no doubt that perfection of physical form and beauty of mind can be thus impressed upon the coming child.

The endurance of the mother of a large family is a marvel. Like every other exhibition of human strength, it is only acquired gradually. It grows as the tiny baby grows, and it increases as child after child appears to claim and tax it. Mothers break down from a variety of causes, a good many of which are under their own control, which, if appreciated, would go far toward preventing the inroads upon the health which unhappily so frequently occur. In the first place the mother usually represents a trinity, the other two heads of which are the housewife and the society woman. Enormous is the burden placed on all three, because of the constantly increasing complexity of life of the present day. If the mother would be healthy and not succumb to the great demands of the day; if she would preserve the mental and physical vigor of her child, she must learn as soon as possible to steer her trail craft in this rushing torrent. Her watchword should be simplicity—simplicity for herself and for her child. The superfluities should be dispensed with.

The child's dress should be plain and not elaborate. This makes a saving on the price of the material, on the work in the laundry, and in the care of the child, who is often hampered and fretted with the ruffles and embroideries, and made to feel various restraints in the endeavors to keep clean and preserve from other ravages the dainty apparel. A child should never be conscious of its clothes. Many mothers toil and deny themselves even to the point of injuring their health, that they may satisfy their ambition to clothe their children in beautiful garments.

It should be remembered that the children are exponents of the condition of the

family, especially of the mother. Modern psychologists believe that they have proven that there is a transference of thought from one mind to another without the medium of expression by word or sign. Be that as it may, it is sure that the child, whether from inheritance of thought transference, reflects the mind of the parent. If that is full of care and anxiety, or turbid from any cause, the child at once displays it. The mother, therefore, should be calm and serene in her mind, not nervous and disturbed. The majority of mothers are over-anxious, a condition which the children soon feel and mirror back, thus reacting again upon the mother, and increasing her difficulties in taking care of them. Some mothers are constantly worrying about their children. They give themselves no peace or relaxation.

Mothers often remind me of the children who plant seeds in the spring, and so anxious are they for results, that they keep digging up the seeds to see if they have sprouted. This process is as disastrous to children as to flower-seeds. The mother who is constantly watching and examining her child keeps it in a state of feverish expectancy of trouble, and is herself without the necessary mental rest to insure her own physical well-being. A mother, whose flock of four or five children have grown up, once said to me: "I was not what would be called an anxious mother. I saw that my children had enough to eat and to wear, and that they were well taken care of, and then I would go about and enjoy myself. I would leave them sometimes for a week or more, and go off traveling with my husband. My sister-in-law was shocked at what she called my neglect. She was the most careful and conscientious mother you ever saw, but one by one her children would sicken and die. They were always ailing, and only one of the whole lot lived to grow up. She often says, 'I cannot understand it; there are Em's young ones [meaning mine] that had no care, and grew up any way, and they are all living and healthy.' The truth of it is she was too anxious and careful about them; she coddled them, and kept them thinking and talking about themselves all the time, and she wore herself out so that she herself was never well and strong."

Mothers wear themselves out and do an injury to their children in not teaching them to help themselves and to be helpful to others. The amount of care that a child requires is very different from that which it may from indulgence demand. If the child were better for it, one would not grudge the time and weariness that the mother or nurse spends; but the child is defrauded in the exercise of those powers which can only develop by being put into use. It is better for a child to go to sleep by itself than when it is rocked and sung to sleep, but as a general thing mothers prefer the bondage of the process of wooing sleep for their children, and so tie themselves up and add to their burdens without in the least increasing the comfort of the child. Mothers would spare themselves greatly if they would only learn that the training of the child begins with the earliest weeks, and that they can make the child understand many things that they would not believe possible. When the mother is remonstrated with for spoiling the child by over-indulgence, she will say: "My child is different from others; she is more nervous. If I do not take her up, she will cry and make herself sick." The child in the beginning, finding that the mother ran to it the minute it began to cry, of course soon learned this method of summoning her. It also per-

ceived that the louder the cry the greater the indulgence, consequently it develops speedily into a despot beneath whose tyranny the mother grows wan and pale. When it is said of her, "She is a perfect slave to her children," she looks satisfied and pleased, as if she had won a martyr's crown, instead of which she has uselessly squandered her strength and prevented the child from learning proper habits, which are as necessary to his growth and development as it is that he should learn to walk instead of being kept on his knees creeping the rest of his life because he may fall and hurt himself, and cry now and then.

Like the majority of woes which come in life, the wear and tear that come to the mother are the outgrowth of her anxious fears. She suffers intensely, not only because she has not learned to interpret the baby's cries, but because she does not know many other things which give her alarm. It is not that she does not strive to learn, but the instruction of mothers, except by experience, seems difficult to compass. Many of the books and articles written for the benefit of young mothers serve only to bewilder them, and those that treat of babies' ailments play upon their excited imaginations until they become frenzied over every breath and look of a child, lest the last disease of which they have read should be about to develop itself. — *Harper's Bazar*.

ABOUT WOMEN

— Olive Thorne Miller, the writer of bird-books, it is said, only puts down what she actually sees of her feathered heroes and heroines. She will sit for hours on a camp-stool watching the movements of birds through field-glasses and taking notes of their doings. She lives in Brooklyn, near Prospect Park.

— Mrs. Laura Alderman, of Hurley, S. D., owns the largest apple orchard in the Northwest. It is known all over the country, and has been in its present hands for twenty-four years. Recently the Department of Agriculture has honored Mrs. Alderman by publishing a record of her success in apple raising.

— Miss Maria R. Audubon, granddaughter of the great naturalist, took a prominent part in the recent public exercises at Shannonsville, Pa., when the name of that village was changed to Audubon. It was in this little village that Audubon first bent his nature study, and his writings dwelt much on the natural beauties of the place.

— Cloverbrook Duck Ranch marks the successful struggle of a woman at Chazy, N. Y., near Lake Champlain. Miss Ellen Wheeler was thrown upon her own resources, and, her health failing under the strain of typewriting, she experimented with fancy farming. Each summer she raises by incubation 1,500 ducklings, to supply the hotels in her neighborhood. She has also started a bee ranch which is successful.

— Miss Mary Williams Montgomery has just received a doctorate from Berlin University for a thesis on "Documents of the Time of Hammurabi" (first king of all Babylonia). She is said to be unusually learned in Turkish, Assyrian and Semitic languages. She is the daughter of Rev. Giles F. and Emily Reddington Montgomery, who were long honored missionaries of the American Board in Turkey. There she was born and remained until she was twelve years old, when she came to this country, studied in New Haven, entered Wellesley, and graduated in 1896. She then went to study at Berlin University.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE TELEPHONE

"I want to talk to Clover Bloom,"
Said Buttercup one day.

"I wish there was a telephone;
She lives so far away, heigh-ho!
I have so much to say."

Now Mr. Spider heard her speak
As he was passing by.

"I'll build for you a telephone,
At least, I'd like to try, he, he!
A builder fine am I."

So then he climbed the ladder stem,
And then he spun a thread
Above the Daisies—how they stared!
Above the Grass's head, hi, hi!
To Clover's home it led.

A silken wire telephone;
Now Buttercup is gay,
For she can talk to Clover Bloom
The livelong summer day, ha, ha!
I can't tell what they say.

— ABBIE FARWELL BROWN, in *Interior*.

HIS BLACK-EYED SUSANS

HE was going to the country, to the real woods-and-fields country, for the first time in his life. He had been to the park many a time; but a boy who was a sort of chum of his, and who had spent a summer off in the country somewhere, was always running down the park, and telling Jack that it was nothing but a big front yard anyway. "Jes' wait till yer see the wheat-fields rollin' like the bay with the tide comin' in, and the red and white cows lashin' their tails at the flies, and the fish skippin' in the water like 'twuz a ball-room floor, and the berries hangin' black along the roads, and apples tumblin' in the grass, laughin' at yer. Go 'long, Jack! Don't say park to me; it makes me kind of sick."

And now Jack was going to see it for himself. This is the way it happened. He was selling his very last paper that evening, when the gentleman who bought it—an old customer of the boy—took a sudden, keen look at him, and said: "See here, Jack. Come along, and I'll take you out to the country with me for a night."

Jack looked at his bare feet, his ragged trousers, his not over-clean shirt, and hesitated. "Come along," said the gentleman; "they don't care anything about clothes in the country."

But when Jack saw the carriage full of white-dressed children waiting for them at the station, he thought Mr. Sutro was mistaken. However, the children were delighted to see Jack; and the smallest tot of all cried to sit next the newsboy, and talked to him all the way in a baby lingo which he could not at all understand, but which was very sweet.

What an evening it was to Jack! The Sutro children, who were in the country all of every summer, were highly amused at Jack's city greenness about everything. They drove him about in the donkey-cart. They walked through the woods in the twilight; and, long after the moon was making lace patterns on the porch floor, the whole party, even Josephine, were tumbling about on the grass.

Jack's first thought, when a gentle shaking brought him back from his night's sound sleep, was about the flowers he had

seen in the fields the evening before. He wondered if they would let him pull some; but he was a gentlemanly fellow, was Jack. He did not like to ask for them.

After a hasty breakfast, which the hungry boy thought fit for a king, they were to start for the station, all the children piling into the carriage as before.

"Couldn't I get out and pull a few of them fellows?" asked Jack, pointing to some splendid "black-eyed Susans" growing among the tall weeds in the fence corners.

"Oh, why didn't I give you some roses and geraniums?" cried Maud, the gentleman's ten-year-old daughter.

"I'd rather have them there," said Jack, eagerly. And, with his watch in his hand, Mr. Sutro gave them two minutes to get a handful of the yellow flowers.

It was only a handful, but Jack gloated over them on his way back to the city. They seemed to loosen his tongue, and he chattered of his home and all his belongings.

"Won't they look jes' dandy, though," he said, "when marm puts 'em in her chaneey jar? My stars! We'll feel like we was quality! We'll make out we's jes' been off fur a trip, and brung these here along back." And the boy laughed at his own conceit.

When they reached town, Jack's friend took him on the street-car with him, and smiled to see the dignified air his bare legs took on, swinging from the seat as a paid passenger instead of springing in and out on the chance of paper selling.

On the same side of the car with Jack was that most pitiful of all sights—a hump-backed child. She eyed his bunch of "black-eyed Susans" longingly, hungrily. Hardly once did she take her eyes off them. The boy looked at his flowers, and then at the child, whose poor mother was perhaps taking her then to a hospital for treatment.

Mr. Sutro wondered if he would offer to share them with her, and was disappointed that he did not; but he did not know his little gentleman. Jack knew pretty well where she would be going, and he would get off first, and he didn't like to be thanked for things.

Mr. Sutro was half inclined to suggest to Jack that he should give the little pale-faced girl a few flowers; but he was very, very glad he did not, for, when Jack got up to leave the car, after an awkward speech of thanks to his friend for his "good time," he darted up to the child and laid in her lap his whole bunch of "black-eyed Susans"—his whole treasure, the only flowers he had ever had a chance to pull for himself in all his life!

"Who's that chap, Sutro?" asked an acquaintance.

"He is a friend of mine," said the gentleman—and his voice sounded a little husky—"a friend of whom I am proud."
— *Christian Register*.

Rheumatism

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Third Quarter Lesson IX

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1901

GENESIS 26: 12-25

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

ISAAC THE PEACEMAKER

I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *Blessed are the peace makers; for they shall be called the children of God.* — Matt. 5: 9.

2. **CONNECTION:** Between this lesson and the last — the trial of Abraham's faith in the offering up of Isaac — a period of sixty-seven years intervenes, during which the following events occurred: The death of Sarah at Hebron, at the age of 127; the purchase of the cave of Machpelah of the Hittites for a burial-place; the marriage of Isaac at the age of 40 to Rebekah; the death of Abraham at the age of 175 (B. C. 1821 ?); the births of Esau and Jacob; the renewal of the covenant with Isaac; and the cowardly deception practiced by Isaac towards Abimelech in the case of Rebekah. The date of our lesson is B. C. 1804, according to the usual chronology, and the age of Isaac at this time 92 years.

3. **HOME READINGS:** Monday — Gen. 26: 12-25. Tuesday — Gen. 26: 26-33. Wednesday — Gen. 21: 22-32. Thursday — Prov. 16: 19-33. Friday — Col. 3: 9-17. Saturday — 1 Cor. 13. Sunday. — Matt. 5: 1-12.

II Introductory

Driven by famine from his chosen home at the well of Lahai-roi, and forbidden by divine command to go down into Egypt, Isaac had pitched his tent in the fertile district of Gerar, the domain of the Philistine Abimelech. Here Abraham had dwelt, and here the fair beauty of Rebekah had led to a repetition of the deceit practiced in the case of Sarah. For a period Isaac enjoyed the protection of King Abimelech, and was permitted the privilege of sowing seed, which by the divine blessing was rewarded with an hundredfold increase. From this time his prosperity was so rapid and conspicuous as to excite the envy of the owners of the soil, who had already shown their jealousy of Hebrew intrusion by choking the wells which Abraham had digged nearly one hundred years before. The murmurs of his subjects compelled the king at length to notify Isaac that his growing wealth and power were a menace which the Philistines could no longer endure, and that he must depart elsewhere. Isaac withdrew, therefore, from the city of Gerar and encamped in the valley of the same district, reopening the wells which his father had digged and giving them the old names. Even here he was not permitted to rest in peace. The herdmen of Abimelech claimed, by territorial right, to own a well which Isaac's servants had freshly opened, and the patriarch meekly yielded. He removed from the place and dug a second well, which was also claimed by the Philistines and surrendered to them for the sake of peace. A third time he moved his tents and flocks — this time beyond the limits of the Philistine valley — and was permitted at last to dig a well and pasture his flocks and herds without disturbance. Shortly after, probably because of some divine monition, he journeyed to Beersheba, and at that spot of hallowed memories was favored with a vision by night, in which he was assured of God's

blessing and of the multiplication of his seed "for Abraham's sake." Here he gratefully erected his first altar and offered his solemn praises, and having dug a well and pitched his tent, settled himself for a prolonged sojourn.

III Expository

12. Then Isaac sowed — not as an owner, but as a tenant of the soil. It was the famine, probably, that made him a farmer. He was the first of the Hebrews to add agriculture to grazing. In that land — of Gerar, on the borders of Egypt. Gerar was the name of both the Philistine city and the district. The ruins of the former have been discovered three leagues southeast of Gaza. The soil in this region is very productive even at the present time. An hundredfold — an extraordinary increase, although, according to Herodotus, the province of Babylon yielded at one time two hundred and even three hundred fold. From thirty to sixty fold was the usual product in Palestine. The Lord blessed him — conspicuously. While the country at large suffered from famine, Isaac rejoiced by the blessing of God in abundant harvests.

13, 14. Waxed — grew. Went forward and grew — continued to grow. Possession of flocks, etc. — He inherited large possessions, and these had greatly increased. Great store of servants — literally, "much service." The Philistines — probably descendants of Ham through Miriam, and driven out of Egypt by the multiplying population of that country. In the days of Abraham they were a small pastoral tribe dwelling in "the south country" on the confines of Egypt. Later they increased in numbers, wealth and territory and became a commercial and maritime people. They were idolaters — worshipers of Dagon, Ashteroth and Baalzebub — and were frequently at war with the Israelites. Their name has been preserved in the word

"Palestine," the present name of the Holy Land. Envied him. — He was more prosperous than they. His increasing flocks and herds demanded a constantly-widening pasturage and taxed heavily the resources of the soil. The Philistines began to be crowded and over-topped. And now that Isaac had taken to agriculture with such amazing success, it looked as though he might remain permanently. They began to be jealous of his increasing wealth and power.

Vanity attaches to every earthly good. Prosperity begets envy, and from envy proceeds injury (Fuller). — Be sure of this, that for every blessing man pays a price. If the world has gained in medical skill, it has lost that simplicity of life which made it unnecessary. If we heap possessions about us, we lose quiet, we get anxiety. Every man pays a price for his advantages, for talents, for property, for high station; he bids adieu to rest, being public property (Robertson).

15. The wells — generally excavated in the rock with much labor; and hence valuable as property while at the same time indispensable for watering flocks, etc. Many of the wells mentioned in the Old Testament remain to this day — Jacob's, for instance, and the wells of Beersheba. With his father's servants had digged — with the permission of Abimelech, the father of the present king, with whom a treaty had been entered into by the patriarch. The Philistines had stopped them — "an act of downright barbarity, and a violation of an old treaty" (Bush). Filled them with earth — heedless that in so doing they cut off a source of supply for themselves.

In a primeval state of society the well was the scene of youthful maidens drawing water for domestic use, and of young men and sometimes maidens watering the bleating flocks and lowing herds, and therefore the gathering centre of settled life. Hence the envious Philistines were afraid that from a sojourner he would go on to be a settler and acquire rights of property. They accordingly took the most effectual means

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of making his abiding-place uncomfortable when they stopped up the wells (Murphy).

16, 17. **Abimelech** — probably, like Pharaoh, the name of the family or royal line, and therefore borne by successive kings. Go from us, etc. — The king dreaded a collision, the result of which might be doubtful for his own people. **Mightier than we** — possibly a compliment, probably a fact. **Isaac departed thence**. — He did not stand on his rights. He did not use his advantage. He simply turned his back upon the Philistine capital, and pitched his tent in the wady of Gerar. "These wadys are the hollows in which brooks flow, and therefore the well-watered and fertile parts of the country" (Murphy). The Roman Emperor Constantine erected a monument in this valley.

Instead of contending for the wells, he moved on. In primitive society in our day how much such conduct would count for in the progress of civilization! If men in Kentucky, in Breathitt County, should follow Isaac's trail instead of the shot gun, the old feuds could be closed, emigrants would go in, and a rapid development of the country follow. Let a single influential man in frontier communities call off his cowboys from strife instead of urging them on, and immense blessings would follow through wide sections of our land (W. R. Campbell).

18. **Digged again the wells of water**. — They were doubtless dear to him from association, independent of their value. Moreover, they were, in a sense, a part of his heritage. He calls them, too, by the old names — "names which probably carried with them interesting memorials of the Divine favor towards Abraham."

Much of this man's task was like this, just conserving the work of his father; he called the wells by the same names as his father had done. Yet this has value in every age. If you can get the second generation to live frugally, faithfully and not dissipate an inheritance, you have done something worth while. If you can make men wrists to run the wires from past to future you may save vast interests. A conjunction man may be of mighty worth. Perhaps he becomes the soil of a more virile race after him. After Isaac came Esau and Jacob. The pan-handle spread out to two races (W. R. Campbell).

19, 20. **Digged** — a new well. **Springing water** — literally, "living water;" he seems to have struck a perennial spring. **The water is ours**. — He was still in the Philistine country; his new well was a rare one, and the herdmen of the country coveted it, and claimed it with violence on the ground of territorial right. **Esek** — "strife," contention.

21, 22. **Strove for that also**. — Isaac's peaceable surrender of his first well emboldened them to demand the second. **Sitnah** — "hatred," or "opposition." The name Satan, an adversary, is derived from the same root. **Rehoboth**. — Isaac probably left the valley and pitched his tent outside the Philistine frontier. The name "Rehoboth" means "ample room," and its site is commonly identified with the modern wady Er-Ruhaibeh, some twenty-five miles southwest of Beersheba, where is found an ancient well with a curb of hewn stone twelve feet in diameter. "Four peaceful wells instead of pools of blood line the corridor of this patriarch's path through the earth" (W. R. Campbell).

At last the Philistines desisted. Thus patience wears the world out. Endurance, meekness, the Gospel spirit, this is the only true weapon against the world. . . . Isaac, like Christ, had conquered by meekness; and then it was that there was shed abroad in his heart that deep peace which is most profound in the midst of storm — "the peace of God which passeth understanding" (F. W. Robertson).

23. **Went up** — whether because of further annoyance by the Philistines, is not stated. It was literally a going up, an

ascent, to Beersheba, which was near the watershed between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean. **Beersheba** — "well of the oath," so named on account of the oath or treaty which was agreed to by Abraham and Abimelech. It marked the extreme southern limit of Palestine, so that "from Dan to Beersheba" was a common form of expression for the entire length of the country.

24. **The same night** — of his arrival. The method of God's appearing was probably by a vision or a dream. **God of Abraham** — a significant title, recalling all that God had been to Abraham in the past and all that He was to him in the present, for "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." **Fear not** — the same cheering words which He had before spoken to Abraham when sorely depressed. **I am with thee** — thy invisible but potent Helper. **Will bless thee** — with increased wealth and a multiplied posterity. **For my servant Abraham's sake** — in whom all the families of the earth were to be blessed. God is mindful of His covenant with Abraham.

25. **Builded an altar** — the first erected by him of which we have any record. **Called upon the name of the Lord** — publicly established divine worship. **Pitched his tent there** — the spot being hallowed to him both on account of Abraham's former residence there, and because of the renewal of the covenant. He made the place his home for most of the rest of his life. **Digged a well**. — "Two wells exist at this place to attest the correctness of the record" (Murphy).

We are no better than brute beasts if, contenting ourselves with a natural use of the creatures, we rise not up to the Author; if, instead of being temples of His praise, we become graves of His benefits. Isaac first built an altar, and then dug a well (Trapp).

IV Illustrative

1. If men wound you with injuries, treat them with patience. Hasty words rankle the wound; soft language dresses it, forgiveness cures it, and oblivion takes away the scar. It is more noble by silence to avoid an injury than by argument to overcome it (J. Beaumont).

2. This ancient mode of taking vengeance upon enemies by stopping the wells, has been practiced in more recent times. The Turkish emperors give annually to every Arab tribe near the road by which the Mohammedan pilgrims travel to Mecca, a certain sum of money and a certain number of vestments to keep them from destroying the wells which lie on that route and to escort the pilgrims across the country. D'Herbelot records an incident exactly in point, which seems to be quite common among the Arabs. Gianabi, a famous rebel in the tenth century, gathered a number of people together, seized on Bassorah and Caufa, and afterwards insulted the reigning caliph by presenting himself bodily before Bagdad, his capital; after which he retired, filling up all the pits with sand which had been dug on the road to Mecca for the benefit of the pilgrims (Paxton).

Home-Cure Treatment for Worry

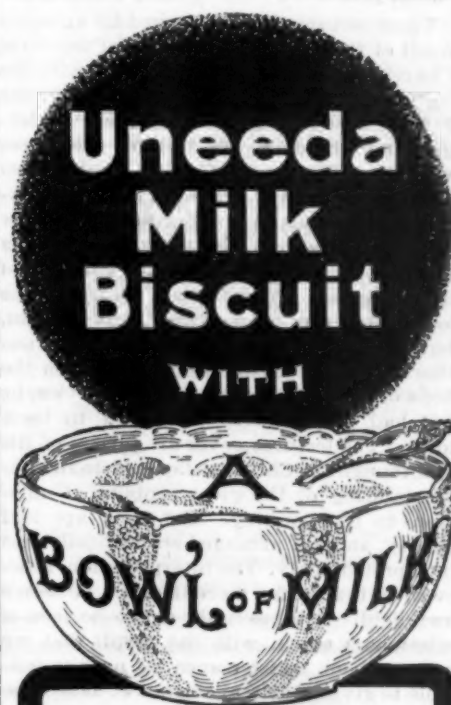
TO cure worry the individual must be his own physician; he must give the case heroic treatment. He must realize, with every fibre of his being, the utter, absolute uselessness of worry. He must not think this is commonplace, a bit of mere theory; it is a reality that he must translate for himself from mere words to a real, living fact. He must fully understand that if it were possible for him to spend a whole series of eternities in worry, it would

not change the fact one jot or tittle. It is a time for action, not worry, because worry paralyzes thought, and action too. If you set down a column of figures in addition, no amount of worry can change the sum total of those figures. That result is wrapped up in the inevitability of mathematics. The result can be made different only by changing the figures as they are set down, one by one, in that column.

The one time that a man cannot afford to worry is when he does worry. Then he is facing, or imagines he is, a critical turn in affairs. This is the time when he needs one hundred per cent. of his mental energy to make his plans quickly, to see what is his wisest decision, to keep a clear eye on the sky and on his course, and a firm hand on the helm until he has weathered the storm in safety.

There are two reasons why man should not worry, either one of which must operate in every instance: First, because he cannot prevent the results he fears. Second, because he can prevent them. If he be powerless to avert the blow, he needs perfect mental concentration to meet it bravely, to lighten its force, to get what salvage he can from the wreck, to sustain his strength at this time when he must plan a new future. If he can prevent the evil he fears, then he has no need to worry, for he would, by so doing, be dissipating energy in his very hour of need.

If a man does, day by day, the best he can by the light he has, he has no need to fear, no need to regret, no need to worry. No agony of worry would do aught to help him. Neither mortal nor angel can do more than his best. — "The Kingship of Self-Control."



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Commentary on the Old Testament. Vol. VII. Ezekiel and Daniel. By Camden M. Cobern, D. D. Eaton & Mains; New York. Jennings & Pye; Cincinnati. Price, \$2.

The seventh volume of Dr. Camden M. Cobern's commentary on the Old Testament is out. It is devoted to Ezekiel and Daniel. These two books contain much that is mysterious and difficult to interpret. Volumes have been written in the attempt, and still there is much that remains unexplained. In behalf of the multitude of good people who pass Ezekiel and Daniel unread because they are so hard to understand, Dr. Cobern has prepared his commentaries. Although written while the author was charged with the responsibility of large city churches, the volume is unusually complete. He very fittingly gives credit to "the literary helpmeet in his own house, whose encouragement and assistance have been invaluable" in verifying English and French references, as well as in preparing the manuscript for the press. It must be mentioned, however, that Dr. Cobern's archaeological studies have enabled him to throw much light upon many passages of both books treated in the present volume. He has made free use of the testimony of the pick and the spade. He has used the results of cuneiform scholarship whenever they seemed to explain or illustrate the text. The carefully prepared illustrations of the Temple give a very satisfying idea of that wonderful Jewish structure. Taken altogether, the commentary is a creditable production.

Mission Problems and Mission Methods in South China. By J. Campbell Gibson, M. A., D. D. Fleming H. Revell Co.: New York and Chicago. Price, \$1.50.

These lectures were delivered by appointment of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, in connection with the lectureship on Evangelistic Theology in the Free Church Colleges of Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen. Portions of the course were also given in the College of the Presbyterian Church of England, then in London, now removed to Cambridge. A few of the lectures were also given in Manitoba College, Winnipeg, one of the colleges of the Canadian Presbyterian Church. The lectureship was a two years' appointment, but duty in China only permitted the author to hold it for one year. Partly in the hope of making up this lack of service, he has had the lectures published in book form. The lectures cover all phases of life and thought in China as an aid to the understanding of the great problem of missions in that country. The facts are told clearly, and are arranged scientifically and interpreted fairly. The interpretation, however, embraces far more than Dr. Gibson's own field. It takes in the entire horizon of missionary effort, with the result that we have a book which comes as near as possible to giving the real science of missions. Dr. Gibson shows no hesitancy in recording failures as well as successes. His wholesome human sympathy, combined with a genial humor, makes him a model interpreter of human nature, which, he shows, is after all not so very different whether found in China or America.

An Introduction to Political Economy. By Richard T. Ely, Ph. D., LL. D., Professor of Political Economy and Director of the School of Economics and Political Science in the University of Wisconsin. New and revised edition. Eaton & Mains; New York. Jennings & Pye; Cincinnati. Price, \$1.20 net.

In revising his "Introduction," Prof. Ely has not destroyed the distinctive features which have made this book so popular with both students and general readers. His chief purpose has been to remove obvious defects, to bring statistical statements down to date, and to change theoretical expositions so far as the advance of economic

thought clearly requires that this should be done. Another important consideration is that the "Introduction" is a part of the reading course marked out for Methodist preachers, and that the Bishops have asked for the revision of the book. While written primarily for the use of general readers, the typographical arrangement is such that it can be very conveniently used as a textbook.

The Road to Ridgeby's. By Frank Burlingame Harris. Small, Maynard & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

There is a pathetic feature about this book that at once enlists the interest of the reader. The author ruined his health in writing the story, and died after the MS. had been accepted, but before the proofs were ready. He was only twenty-five, and had served an apprenticeship in journalism before undertaking the more serious work of a book of fiction. During his dying days he spent his time revising the manuscript, determined that his only contribution to literature should be the best that he could make it. Of the story itself much can be said in its praise and naught in condemnation. It is a faithful picture of farm life in Iowa. True artistic skill is exhibited in its development. The character sketching is fine—due to the fact that the author spent weeks tramping about among the farmers studying the men and women of the remote farming communities at close range. While there is considerable detail—too much, perhaps, in the love-making of the hero—there is also a delightful suggestiveness in the free-hand sketching. The reader will have opportunity for the full play of imagination in filling in much that is left unsaid. Regrets are vain, but one cannot help expressing the conviction, after reading this really charming book, that there was much promise in this author. The story is clean, true to human nature, and a faithful delineation of a class of people who are none too prominent in current fiction.

Conditions of Spiritual Life. By Thomas H. Stacy. Morning Star Publishing Co.: Boston. Price, 75 cents.

Seven topics are treated—"Regeneration," "Consecration, or the Surrender of Self," "Purity, or the Abandonment of Sin," "The Indwelling Holy Spirit," "Prayer," "Obedience," and "Christian Service." All of these subjects, except regeneration and prayer, were treated with special reference to the sixth annual session of the Ministers' Institute of Cobb Divinity School, where the addresses were delivered, Sept. 3-8, 1900. They are now brought together and printed in this form at the request of the managers of the Institute and of many others who listened to them. The author does not claim to present new ideas in this work, but to reiterate truths as old as the Gospel, substantiating his views by the unfolding of Scripture, the testimony of experience and observation. Aside from plain and rational exposition of the Scriptures, a distinguishing feature of the book is the clear definition of terms employed, which, by the way, is a most important matter either in writing or speaking.

Camp Venture: A Story of the Virginia Mountains. By George Cary Eggleston. Illustrated by W. A. McCullough. Lothrop Publishing Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston is an interesting story-teller for young and old. His "Camp Venture," a tale for young people, depicts the adventures of a party of boys in the "high mountains" of southwestern Virginia. The boys undertake to fill a contract to cut and deliver to a new railroad company a large supply of logs for ties, which they are to cut and "chute" down from a mountain-top. Their method of accomplishing things and filling their contract is capitally described. With all the exciting incidents of the story there is

so much information and instruction conveyed in Mr. Eggleston's direct and convincing manner that the book is one that helps while it interests, and instructs while it entertains.

An Aerial Runaway: The Balloon Adventures of Rod and Tod in North and South America. By William P. and Charles P. Chipman. Illustrated by W. A. McCullough. Lothrop Publishing Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

A good story of the Jules Verne order is always a welcome book to all lovers of the startling and adventurous. Such a story is "An Aerial Runaway," by the Messrs. Chipman, father and son, who have here collaborated with marked success. The story is for young people, but, like all books of this character, may be read with interest by their elders. Two boys, through interesting experiences, become acquainted with a professional aeronaut, and, while taking an ascent in his captive balloon, are cut away from their moorings and forced into a flight through the air. Their involuntary voyage lands them at last on a mountain top in South America, where they drop into the lost city of the Incas. They have many strange experiences and remarkable adventures, and finally escape by ingenious and dangerous methods.

Magazines

—A special feature of the August *Critic* is a beautifully illustrated paper by Clive Holland upon "A Pilgrimage to Wessex," with a portrait of Thomas Hardy. "Literary Drill in College" is discussed by Gerald Stanley Lee. Mary J. Serrano tells us that "The Most Famous Modern Spanish Poet" is the late Ramon de Campoamor. "The Literary Cult of the Child" is an interesting study by Louise Betts Edwards. The reproduction of several of the Marchioness of Granby's "Portraits" is a special feature of this number. (*Critic* Company: New Rochelle, N. Y.)

—The *Bookman* never fails to be interesting, and the August issue is equal to the best. "Bjoernstjerne Bjoernson and the Intellectual Isolation of France," "Newspaper Art and Artists," "Historic Englishmen on the American Stage," "The Wölflin Jubilee," are some of the topics treated. Generous space is devoted to "Seven Books of Some Importance"—the *Blashfields' "Italian Cities,"* Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee," Gildersleeve's "Greek Syntax," Mr. Prowse's "Voysey," Matilda Serao's "Land of Cockayne," Hamilton Mabie's "Shakespeare," Mrs. Meyer's "Robert Annys." Chapters 11 to 13 of "Warwick of the Knobs" are given. (Dodd, Mead & Company: New York.)

—The theme of Cleveland Moffett's article in the August *St. Nicholas*, in his

READY COOKED FOOD

Famous Around the Camp Fire

People going into camp should not forget to take along a goodly supply of Grape-Nuts, the ready-cooked food. This can be eaten dry, and does not require any preparation by the cook, or the food can be made into a variety of delightful dishes, such as puddings, etc.

One of the favorite methods by old-timers is to drop three or four heaping teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts into a cup of coffee. The Grape-Nuts adds a peculiar and delicious flavor to the coffee, and gives one a more piquant article of food than even the famous doughnuts and coffee of old New England.

People who cannot digest coffee should not forget that Postum Food Coffee, if properly made, furnishes a very delicious beverage, either hot or cold, closely approaching the flavor of the mild and delicious grades of Java.

Judge Bill Has Two Glenwoods!



Residence of Arthur G. Bill, Danielson, Conn.

Write for handsome book illustrating scores of modern homes and public buildings heated with the Glenwood. Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.

Weir Stove Co.,
Taunton, Mass.

Danielson, Conn.

Gentlemen:

For ten years past I have been using one of your Glenwood Ranges in my kitchen and it has given excellent satisfaction. Last fall when I found it necessary to put a new heater in my house, I at once decided in favor of your Glenwood Furnace and Hot water Heater combined. I have a large house to heat, standing upon high ground and much exposed to winds, and with the furnace I formerly had I found it almost impossible to heat my halls and some of my rooms. With your heater I have no difficulty in keeping my house comfortable all winter with the doors into the hall all open from three floors.

The fire has been very easily managed and I have used no more fuel than formerly.

I can most heartily recommend your Heaters and ranges.

May 24.

Yours respectfully,

Arthur G. Bill,
Judge of Probate.

"Danger and Daring" series, is the taming of wild beasts by men and women. Charles F. Lummis tells about "Our Yellow Slave"—gold—and Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron, in "The Port of Bottles," shows what becomes of some of the messages people seriously or jocosely consign to the keeping of the sea. The serials continue entertainingly—John Bennett's "Story of Barnaby Lee," Allen French's "The Junior Cup," and Harriet Comstock's "Boy of a Thousand Years Ago." There is, besides, the usual abundance of rhymes and jingles, pictures, anecdotes and acrostics. (Century Company: New York.)

—*Current Literature* for August presents a portrait of H. Rider Haggard on the cover, and one of William Butler Yeats, the young Irish poet, as a frontispiece. The editorial comment, the contributions, and the varied departments, are all valuable, touching the very latest topics in the world of letters. Lovers of poetry will appreciate the space given to verse. (Current Literature Publishing Company: 55 Liberty St., New York.)

—A fine portrait of the late John Fiske, from a photograph by Pach, with an "appreciation" by Edward Cary, will attract immediate attention in the *Book Buyer* for August. Tudor Jenks depicts "The Modern Child as a Reader." Frederic F. Sherman presents a first paper, illustrated, upon "Private and Special Presses." (Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.)

—The leading article in the August *Donahoe's Magazine* is by Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.—the second in his series of "Poets I Have Known." Judge John O'Hagan is the subject of his appreciative estimate, in connection with which many unpublished letters from Lords Russell and O'Hagan, Cardinal Newman, and Frederick Lucas appear, with numerous illustrations. The writer claims for Judge O'Hagan the distinction of being the best translator of "Dies Irae," the version being reprinted for the benefit of the readers of *Donahoe's*. An interesting list of articles, stories and poems follows, including fresh chapters in the serial, "Borrowed from the Night." (Donahoe's Magazine Company: Boston.)

—The August *Quiver* is filled with entertaining reading for week-days or Sun-

days, including illustrated articles, devotional papers, short stories, romantic serials, poems, and the regular departments. The frontispiece, "Consider the Lilies," is from the painting by Eva Hollyer. (Cassell & Company, Limited: 7 and 9 West 18th St., New York.)

—*Cassell's Magazine* for August presents a pretty and appropriate-to-the-season cover picture, in bright colors—a small boy in a boat. The table of contents is inviting, and will beguile the fiction-lover into a pleasant hour or so of reading. An interesting interview with Miss Fannie Moody, the successful animal painter, is given, accompanied with her portrait and illustrated by reproductions from her paintings. (Cassell & Company, Limited: 7 and 9 West 18th St., New York.)

—An unusually timely and interesting "bill of fare" is presented by the *Nineteenth Century* for August. Many questions of ripe current interest are treated exhaustively by experts. Samuel E. Moffett, of the *New York Journal*, entertainingly tells how "America Really Feels Towards England." He says that as long as Canada is a quiet, easy-going neighbor, the possibilities of danger from that source may be overlooked. The only thing that can possibly impair the good relations of Americans and Englishmen is English interference with the American policy in the

Western Hemisphere; and the danger of such an interference is due almost entirely to the position of Canada. Hence the necessity for the exercise of the highest diplomatic skill in dealing with Canadian questions. Among the other international subjects treated are: "The Emigration of Gentlewomen: a Woman's Word from Natal," by S. Staples; "A Remnant of Buddha's Body," by Perceval Landon; and "The Supreme Court of the United States," by John Macdonnell, C. B., LL. D. (Leonard Scott Publication Co.: New York.)

The Price of Erratic Reform

MRS. CARRIE NATION, the Kansas woman of saloon-smashing fame, has just been released from jail. Her husband, David Nation, a lawyer by profession, has sued for divorce because of alleged abandonment by her. Mrs. Nation, according to newspaper interviews, rejoices that her husband has taken this step. Thus another home pays the price of erratic reform agitation by one of its makers. The former home of Professor Herron and the home of Mrs. Carrie Nation are pitiable testimonies to the lack in some people of perception as to what is most worth while. —*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

Babies thrive on Mellin's Food because it contains the elements necessary to make sound, healthy bodies.

A Corset that Cannot Break at the Waist.

It matters not what the style of a corset is, or what it is made of, if it breaks at the waist line it is rendered uncomfortable and useless.

The Cresco Corset

is disconnected in front at the waist line, and has elastic gores at each side, so it cannot break at the waist. Suitable for any day and all the day. Good to work in, walk in, or rest in. It is shapely, comfortable and durable, and as it cannot break at the waist, it is the *Cheapest Corset a Lady can buy*.

Where the Cresco is not kept by dealers it will be sent postpaid for \$1. Drab or White, Long, Short or Medium Length. The next time you buy a corset try the Cresco.

THE MICHIGAN CORSET CO., Jackson, Mich.
Reduced Prices to Ministers' Families.



A LAY VIEW OF THE PAN-AMERICAN

LIZZIE L. BREED.

DURING the periods of great expositions, such as those of Chicago, Paris and Buffalo, current newspapers, magazines and periodicals abound in descriptive literature, written either as technical knowledge by those who have a part in the construction or management of these shows, or by those who as visitors simply record their varied impressions. Sometimes we as readers tire a little of all this description, and long for the time when we can open a newspaper or magazine without the obtrusion of such articles. This is likely to be our mental attitude, however, if we have not visited and witnessed for ourselves the scenes so enthusiastically described. But if we have withstood the disheartening speeches of those who cannot go to Buffalo, and, according to human nature in one of its phases, do not wish others to enjoy what is debarred from them; if we have braved the heat and the necessary weariness of traveling and have looked with our own eyes upon the Pan-American, then we indeed feel that too much cannot be written of such a monument to American enterprise, and—yes, American genius; for nothing short of genius could originate such an artistic and beautifully harmonious arrangement of buildings, gardens, fountains and sculpture, as is seen at the Exposition at Buffalo.

As Americans we are accused of using the superlative degree in our language on all occasions; but surely nothing but superlatives will suffice for many of the features of this great exhibition. Indeed, superlatives themselves fail when one attempts to tell of the marvelously and delicately graceful

ELECTRIC TOWER,

dominating in its proportions and design the whole architectural scheme, and making its appeal even in the daytime. And when, in the evening, the electric display is at its height, words cannot convey any idea of the splendor and magnificence of it all. One wonders, as he stands in speechless awe, what there is left for man to discover in the realms of science for the next hundred years. It seems, while we are under the spell of the almost heavenly glory, as though this must be the pinnacle of man's mastery over the forces of nature, and that in material things, at least, there are no more worlds to conquer. The decorations of the buildings, which in the searching light of day sometimes seem in their almost gaudy colorings a little garish, all take on soft, subdued tints; the white staff of the sculpture becomes veritable marble; the distances of the esplanade are obliterated, and all is one transcendently lovely outline of light against the dark blue depth of the sky behind the Electric Tower. The colossal knights in armor on the immense height of the pillars of the triumphal bridge seem to be riding through the night far above all earthly cares, like the Valhallas of the German myths, and carrying to realms beyond the story of man's achievement here below. Delightful music from one of the bands mingles with the splash and play of the scores of fountains, and adds its peculiar charm to the already fairy-like ensemble. One wanders about seeking the

most satisfactory view of the tower, and finally concludes that nothing can surpass the first front view of that solidly brilliant geometric figure, which seems to be all light and nothing but light, and yet must have darkness somewhere, or there would not be the effect of design. We linger, and turn back again and again, when we must finally leave the grounds, and say to ourselves that here is a scene whose beauty cannot be exaggerated in description, and of which no one can form any adequate idea until he has seen it for himself.

The first waking thoughts the next morning are very likely to be a vague fear that the Exposition can now be

ONLY AN ANTI-CLIMAX,

that, as nothing can equal the evening, perhaps it would be well not to venture again, but leave with these impressions undimmed by any after-visits. But we soon become sensible of the folly of this sentiment, and though as we enter the gates it seems a little tame at first, we cannot but admire the gay and festive appearance of the buildings with their flags and banners, the clear blue of the water, the pure white foam of the fountains, and the inviting gardens, with their rows of stately poplars and rushgrown pools, bordered by flowering plants in all the brilliant colors of midsummer, and beautified by statues and groups of sculpture.

Strains of martial music greet our ears, and we are told, upon inquiry, that the National Band of Mexico is just taking its departure after a two weeks' visit, during which it has given most excellent concerts. An escort of United States Cavalry accompanies the band to the train. The Americans play "Home, Sweet Home," and the Mexicans respond with "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Neither money nor pains has been spared in the

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

The Post Office Department is represented by life-size figures of carriers in Alaska and Cuba, Porto Rico and the Rocky Mountains. The old stage-coach, which carried the overland mail to the Pacific in ante-railroad times, had another chapter added to its long and exciting history, when, a few weeks since, three thousand dollars worth of stamps were stolen, and the frames left, in this coach where the robber had evidently hidden when the doors were closed for the night. Figures of the various officers in the army and navy in their respective uniforms, and groups of Esquimaux and Alaska Indians, typifying the habits, occupations and family life of these aborigines, make the building take on a strange, lifelike appearance, as if it were inhabited by these creatures; and the fish of every hue, size and shape which swarm in the aquariums might be imagined as supplying the food. This is the one really great exhibit, for after all it must be conceded that the great triumph of the Pan-American is in the exterior arrangements rather than in any superior merit of the exhibits. This fact is impressed upon the visitor anew each time as he emerges from the buildings and looks across the Court of Fountains to the colonnades which form a connecting link and complete the idea of unity which characterizes the whole plan.

Indeed, there is not one detail, however small or insignificant it may appear to be at first glance, which does not form a necessary part of the grand completeness.

The

ETHNOLOGY BUILDING

has a weird fascination, with its skeletons of prehistoric man, just as they were excavated from the mounds in Ohio a few years ago. The collection of Indian relics arranged and labeled by Prof. Starr of the University of Chicago shows beautiful weavings of heavy cloth, artistically decorated pottery and household utensils, which seem to indicate a higher degree of civilization than we usually associate with the idea of Indians.

The

STATE BUILDINGS

form a group by themselves, a short distance from the esplanade, and are surrounded by green lawns and graveled walks instead of the asphalt. The New England building cannot but be a source of pride and gratification to all visitors from this section. The exterior is a most deceptive imitation of brick, and with the long, wide piazzas and tall white columns of the portico, carries out perfectly the Colonial idea. Each State has furnished its own room. There are comfortable lounging chairs and sofas in the cool, airy, daintily-appointed rooms, making an ideal resting-place. The furniture is all Colonial in design, either the real old mahogany or the hardly less attractive reproductions.

Every afternoon there is a concert in the

TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

This has a seating capacity of four thousand, and is comfortably filled each day. The organ is well worthy its place and use, and many of the best known organists of the country have come to Buffalo to give recitals on it. There is usually a soloist, and altogether this feature is a welcome addition. The crowds which gather here seem to testify that music hath charms to soothe not only the savage breast, but tired bodies as well. A nodding head here and there seems perfectly appropriate and not ill-mannered when we remember the exigencies of the situation.

The

MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING

seems very limited in area after Chicago, but this is not a World's Fair, only

SENSIBLE TO QUIT

Coffee Agrees with Some People, but not with All

"Coffee has caused my son-in-law to have nausea and pain in the stomach and bowels.

"In my own case I am unable to drink coffee without having distress afterwards, and my son, eleven years old, has had dyspepsia, caused by drinking coffee.

"We all abandoned the use of coffee some months ago, and have been using the Postum Food Coffee since.

"Each and every one of us has been entirely cured of our troubles, and we are naturally great friends of Postum. I have tried several different ways of making it, but there's no way so good as to follow the directions properly; then we have a delicious drink." Mrs. A. E. Moublo, 331 Lynn St., Malden, Mass.

one for the Americas. Tiffany, of New York, has a most gorgeous and expensive showing of stained glass, the most conspicuous specimen being "The Last Supper," in glass and in the original size. The Rookwood potteries have a well-patronized stall, notwithstanding that a vase of this ware four or five inches tall costs from three to six dollars.

After doing our duty to the more serious aspects of the Exposition, and attempting to absorb the due amount of education, without which no true New Englander can thoroughly enjoy himself, we turn with a satisfied conscience to

THE MIDWAY.

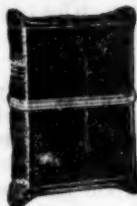
This is not, as at Chicago, at the farthest possible distance, but is within easy reach, as seeming to typify that hilarity and innocent fun should not be so sharply divided from the circumspect and the sober. Each show has its criers on the outside who advertise its merits in glowing and extravagant language. It cannot be said that their voices are in any degree musical; in fact, most of them simply scream, and as if to increase the babble occasionally use a megaphone, through which they exhort the strolling crowds to "hurry! hurry!" or they will miss the beginning of a show, which, a few minutes later, they inform us, is a continuous performance. These criers are as great a curiosity as anything they advertise. We wonder how even the toughest vocal organs can stand such a strain. It seems as if they ought to be relieved with relays, as horses are on long journeys. This is not evidently the case, however, for the same figures stand in the same place and say the same things hour after hour and day after day. One of these advertisers who apparently talks a trifle more sensibly and truthfully than his rivals, tells us of his "beautiful Hawaiian dancers, not seventy-five girls, nor fifty girls, nor thirty girls, but only fourteen girls, just fourteen girls, and the most graceful dancers in all the world." The attractiveness of this portrayal lures us in, where we find not indeed fifty girls, or thirty girls, or even fourteen girls, but just six girls, and as graceful, perhaps, as it is possible for undersized, overweighted females to be as dancers. After this deception we believe nothing that these men say, and are loth to patronize another

THE HOLY BIBLE

Newly edited by the American Revision Committee, A. D. 1901, being the

American Standard Edition of the

REVISED BIBLE



Will be published August 26th.

This is the edition authorized by the American Revision Committee and will bear their attestation on the back of the title page. Long Primer type, references, topical headings and indexed Bible maps. Prices from \$1.50 to \$9. Order early through your bookseller, or write for descriptive price list.

THOS. NELSON & SONS, Pubs., 37-41 E. 18th St., New York.

show. It is not necessary, however, to go inside to be entertained, for the street itself is unique and interesting in all its phases. Small Japanese are pulling fragile-looking carriages, scarcely larger than a toy, each holding one person who seems to be overflowing in such a small compass. Many of the attractions are only partly enclosed, and we hear the delighted cries of those who are enjoying the Scenic Railway, or stand and look in at Old Nuremberg, or listen to the atrocious singing in the streets of Venice, or gaze at the facial contortions of the man who advertises the Baby Incubator, as he tells us what a perfectly moral show this is: "You will advance your ideas if you see this wonderful exhibit," "real live babies," "perfectly moral."

The Philippine Village is by common consent the best of the Midway. Here we see the real life as nearly as possible when out of the native environment. Entire families are living here, including the pretty, dark-eyed children. The girls have long, silky, blue-black hair, and are very attractive in their shy winsomeness. The men are engaged in rope-making, hut-building, and other occupations. In a small theatre a very pleasing entertainment is given. Here there is an orchestra of young men, dancing by young women, and a sleight-of-hand performance, the entertainment concluding with the dropping of the American flag while the orchestra plays American national airs. This is, of course, very patriotic, and makes us forget all about the Philippine rebellion and that sort of thing.

The Japanese have a peculiar daintiness about their slender, delicate figures which is enhanced by the handsomely embroidered garments in which they array themselves. Their faces are all so innocent-looking, with never a trace of guile or duplicity in their expression. Of all the foreigners in the Midway the Japanese seem to be the most docile and trustworthy. In the theatre of the Japanese village an acrobatic performance is given by young men in most picturesque apparel. A small boy not over eight or nine years of age draws forth enthusiastic applause by his seemingly impossible feats.

No visit to the Pan-American is considered entirely successful without a sail over the canal which makes a circuit of the central buildings, and gives, as it were, a composite picture of everything within the magic circle. We can forgive the fantastic unreality of the grotto under the triumphal bridge, which is the one false

touch in an otherwise perfect concord of form and color, light and shadow, vistas and perspectives, cool fountains and shady nooks.

Most visitors will undoubtedly leave something unseen. Unless one's time is absolutely unlimited it is impossible to grasp it all, the mind as well as the eye refusing to be so heavily taxed in the short space of the few days usually devoted to the Exposition. It is certain, however, that no one will regret the journey, even though he stay only a few hours. He can there see realized the glorious possibilities of a well-defined plan in the construction of groups of buildings, wrought out by those who appreciate the laws of beauty and harmony.

If this noble example can have its due influence in remedying, in some degree at least, the too frequent ugliness of our large cities, the Pan-American will have served one of its most beneficent uses.

Lynn, Mass.

KNOWN BY HER BOOK

A LADY on her way home from a visit to another city found that her journey must be made at night. It was so short a journey, however, that she decided not to take the sleeper, but to travel in the day coach. She fancied to herself her enjoyment in watching her fellow-passengers, for all her life she had found delight in studying human nature. But as the car filled, she became a little disturbed; many, indeed most, of the people who came in were rough and coarse; the prospect of having any one of them for a seatmate for four hours was not a happy one, and it was evident that she must share her seat.

Just then a young girl entered the car and walked down the aisle glancing hesitatingly about her. She was a pretty girl, with an air of fine reserve that revealed the gentlewoman.

The lady alone in the seat drew a breath of relief and looked up with a smile and a gesture of invitation. The girl thanked her, simply, and accepted the place, taking off her hat and gloves, drawing a book from her bag, and preparing to find what comfort she could in the evening. The lady's glance fell upon the book as the girl opened it—she leaned over and spoke impulsively:

"Oh, do you like 'Little Rivers,' too?"

The book was not read that evening; instead there was a long talk which revealed mutual acquaintances and formed the beginning of a friendship full of delight to both. As they parted at the journey's end, the elder lady said, laughingly:

"I knew that you must be nice the moment you opened your book. Anybody

On Jellies
preserves and pickles, spread
a thin coating of refined

**PARAFFINE
WAX**

Will keep them absolutely moisture and
acid proof. Paraffine Wax is also useful in
a dozen other ways about the house. Full
directions in each pound package.
Sold everywhere.

STANDARD OIL CO.

who liked Dr. Van Dyke was sure to be worth knowing."

Only a chance? Perhaps—half of it. It was "chance," if one chooses to call it so, that made the two fellow-travelers, or even put that particular book into the girl's hand; but it was character, not chance, that made her read Dr. Van Dyke in preference to some light novel. There is much talk of "luck" in the world, but the attendant circumstance is apt to be overlooked—that unless character opens the door to it, luck will pass by unrecognized. The little incident has its postscript also: it is worth while to have one's book-friends such that one will be proud to acknowledge them anywhere.— *Wellspring.*

DEACONESS NOTES

—The Chicago Training School has accepted 144 new students. The school opens Sept. 5.

—Miss Harriet B. Kapp, a graduate of the Boston Deaconess Training School, will have entire charge of the church in Quechee, Vt., for the remainder of the Conference year.

—A crate containing seventeen live chickens recently came to Asbury Hospital, Minneapolis—the gift of friends at Castle Rock, Minn.

—"Lake Bluff Sanitarium is an ideal Rest Home," says Miss Danielson, a Cleveland deaconess, who recently spent a month at that place.

—Deaconess literature is being scattered broadcast over the land. About five million pages on deaconess and missionary work have been sent out from the Chicago headquarters this year.

—Mrs. C. B. Dickenson, who has been so long connected with the work in Chicago and Washington, is regaining health and strength with friends in the East, and expects soon to re-enter some form of Christian work.

—There are about sixty Wesley deaconesses in London.

—A party of thirty Fresh Air children were taken by a Boston deaconess to Barre, Vt., where they will be cared for in the homes of the people during the month of August. Eighty children have been sent out into the country by the Boston deaconesses, some for two weeks, and others for a month. Nearly one thousand invalids, poor mothers, and children have been taken, by the same deaconesses, for a day's outing.

—A good sister in Minneapolis, during her absence for the summer, placed her home, a delightful one, situated in a quiet part of the city, at the service of any two deaconesses or their friends.

—The Training School in Chicago needs stenographers and typesetters. A fine Biblical education may be secured by any capable young woman who would like to

earn her way by giving a few hours each day to this work.

—The Young Woman's School under deaconess management at Aurora, Ill., is to have a new elevator. Plans for the same are being pushed very rapidly, and it is hoped that the incoming class will see it in place.

—Mrs. Bishop Thoburn, who has been spending the summer at the Lake Bluff Sanitarium, is recovering her health.

—New York deaconesses are busily preparing to open a Girls' Home in that city in the fall. A fine building on Seventeenth Street has been secured, and God's blessing is resting abundantly upon the enterprise.

—"People are becoming interested in our school in spite of themselves," writes Miss Eleanor Tobie, principal of Chaddock Boys' Home and School at Quincy, Ill. One of the needs of this School is a furnace costing about \$1,000, which must be put in this winter.

—Wesley deaconesses in London have a superannuation fund which amounts at the present time to nearly \$3,000. The deaconesses themselves contribute to this fund at the rate of one shilling a month, or three dollars a year. This is a good suggestion for their sisters on this side of the water.

—Rest Home at Cottage City, Mass., carried on as an adjunct to the Fall River Home, is one of the most practical and useful gifts of Mr. John D. Flint, of Fall River, to the cause in which he is so deeply interested. The Home is used by the deaconesses to the greatest advantage during the summer.

—People are at last appreciating the advantages of the Agard Sanitarium at Lake Bluff, Ill., and this institution is crowded to the doors. The Sanitarium is open all the year round, and not only deaconesses, but others, are received. Miss Matilda Westlake is the deaconess in charge.

—Miss Isabel Reeves has been in continuous service since her consecration in Chicago in 1889. She is the only one of the three women first consecrated as deaconesses in the Methodist Episcopal Church at present in active service. Miss Reeves is superintendent of the Old People's Home at Edgewater, Chicago.

—Many mothers and children each year enjoy a week or ten days' outing at Long Branch, N. Y., a large house having been given to the deaconesses for use in their fresh air work by Mr. John D. Huyler, of New York city. This house is in a delightful spot, and Mr. Huyler and his friends have spent thousands of dollars in fitting it up. A more beautiful charity could not be imagined.

—The Methodist Orphanage at Lake Bluff is crowded. Twenty children were recently added to the number already sheltered there by the consolidation of that institution with the Epworth Children's Home. A new building has been promised by a generous layman of Chicago.

—Miss Anna Hall, a colored deaconess in the Boston Deaconess Home, is soon to go to her new field of work in Atlanta, Ga.

—Water has been put into the Deaconess Home at Normal, Ill., the good people of that place generously contributing nearly forty dollars for that purpose. Miss Jefferson, the superintendent of the work there, is looking forward to other improvements being made.

—The only deaconess physician at work in any hospital in America is Dr. Rebecca Parish, medical superintendent of Wesley Hospital, Chicago. Dr. Parish graduated from the Chicago Training

School and later from an Indianapolis Medical College, and is eminently successful in her work.

—Prot. Nicholson, of Cornell College, says: "There has been no movement in the church in my lifetime that has so profoundly impressed me and that seems to mean so much for the church as the deaconess movement. It represents the true spirit of Jesus."

Growing the "Immortelle"

A RECENT article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives an interesting account of the culture and brief harvest of those strange little "immortal" flowers so closely associated with immortality on the Continent and in London also, though the fashion for them in England is of a more recent date. Naturally they are a valuable crop, and, strangely enough, a somewhat difficult one to handle, as they will not grow everywhere. The world's supply of them comes from the neighborhood of a little burg, Ollioules, in the Var, near Toulon, half a dozen miles out on the main road to Marseilles, in the south of France. There, on the edge of a straight and narrow pass, bordered with piled-up, cleft and calcined rocks, on the arid soil that suits it best, grows the "Immortelle," that curious *Amaranth*, *Helichrysum orientale*. The plants are low, flat and rosette-like, appressed on the ground, each one sending up two or three slender stalks, which about the first week in June are covered with small primrose buds. Each stalk carries some twenty or thirty buds, and the right moment for their gathering must be carefully watched for by the har-

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vester, as too early is as disastrous as too late, since the flower then perishes in drying. After the drying process—an easy one in the sun-baked valley—comes the dyeing, when the "immortelle" takes on its conventional ruddy color. Many of them are also dyed black for the purpose of picking out the legend or dedication on cross or wreath.

They are then bunched and boxed for transportation to Paris or London, as the case may be. The crosses and wreaths are largely made up on the spot, the feminine

fingers at Ollivoules being passing deft at this unique and intricate industry. Every bud has to be sewed into its place on the framework of plaited straw, which is the backbone of the design, and which must not show when the article is ready for the market. "Immortelle" prices vary at Ollivoules; last year, for instance, they sold for three pounds per hundredweight, and a good year brings in eight thousand pounds (\$40,000) to the small community.

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An Unusual Display

Visitors to Boston who are interested in household decoration ought to take advantage of the opportunity offered this week to see one of the largest exhibitions of different styles and patterns of wood mantels which has ever been made in Boston. This exhibit is now on view at the Paine Furniture Warerooms on Canal St. It comes just in time to advertise their new book, "Wood Mantels," which they issued last month, and which is well worth having. Send 6 cents for postage, and the book will be mailed free.

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THE NEW REVISED EDITION

THE American Standard Revision of the Bible is about to appear, and on the eve of its publication one of the most active of the American revisers, Professor Howard Osgood, gives in the *Sunday School Times* some account of it and of the most striking changes that it offers. It will be remembered that when the International Committee finished its work, in 1885, there were a considerable number of passages and also several questions of principle on which the American and English revisers could not agree. Nevertheless, it was felt that some definite result ought to be reached, and the American scholars assented to the compromise that we have now had before us for fifteen years, indicating some points of difference in an appendix, but agreeing to reserve for fourteen years the issue of any revised text of their own. These fourteen years were completed in 1899. They have continued steadily at work before and since that time, and now offer the final result of their labors.

The American revisers urge that even were the English revision wholly satisfactory for England, some modifications would be needed for America, where, as Charles Dudley Warner said, "We speak American, but understand English." The originals from which we are translating, Hebrew and Greek, are singularly democratic in their vocabulary and syntax, plain, simple, straightforward, very restricted in diction. If we wish to translate such books in a way that shall preserve the flavor of their style, the literary impression that they convey in the original, they must be rendered in terms of the language of today; spellings and meanings that are foreign to our time, that make the Bible hard to be understood, should be rejected by us precisely as they were rejected by the original writers; and, as language is always in flux, the ideal translation of today will need revision in the next century, just as the Authorized Version needs revision today. Of course there are a number of instances where the American revisers differ in a question of scholarship from the English where their translation represents another way of looking at the Hebrew, but in general the changes, so far as, in anticipation of publication, we have been permitted to know them, are in the nature of modernization, of which a single instance may suffice. The English revision of Exodus 12: 40 reads: "Now the sojourning of the children of Israel which they sojourned in Egypt," etc. This may be English, but we are sure it is much more American to say with our own revisers: "Now the time which the children of Israel dwelt in Egypt," just as we are quite sure that the average American is more likely to understand, and not to misunderstand, in Joshua 20: 10, "a great altar to look upon," than he would be to read with English revisers, "a great altar to see to," for all its seeming colloquialism. We notice with satisfaction that our revisers have exorcised the dragons, cockatrices and satyrs, and all by literal renderings of the Hebrew, whereas the English revisers retained some of them. They have also been more faithful to the original in avoiding the intrusion of the divine name in the phrases "God forbid" and "Would God," where the Hebrew has nothing of the sort. They have also omitted many marginal references for which there was insufficient manuscript authority, or indeed none at all. Altogether, the American Revision promises to make some valuable contributions to Biblical

scholarship, but perhaps its most valuable contribution will be to the popular intelligibility of the Scriptures among us, and that, after all, is a matter almost as essential as the other. We want the true message, even if it be hard to understand. We want it unmixed with human prejudice or error, as exact a representation of the original as scholarship can make it. But, as all language has in it a transitory element, that version is to be preferred which shall catch most of the spirit of the writers of that day and transmute it into the spirit of our own. For, as Canon Edmonds so nobly said, at the close of his striking address at the Ecumenical Conference, which we printed last week, every translation of the Bible is the utterance of a divine voice; each of the four hundred translations bears to the nation and the generation that it addresses its special message. None is without signification. But not only does each "bear witness to the love that God hath to us; each bears witness also that no race or language is now common or unclean." — *Churchman*.

ENGLAND'S CHANGES IN FORTY YEARS

THE veteran E. L. Godkin, until recently the distinguished editor of the *New York Evening Post*, in writing to that paper from Lyndhurst, Eng., says:

A letter from England, comparing the country now with what it was as I knew it forty years ago, is inevitably, and in spite of one's self, somewhat reminiscent. You cannot avoid contrasting what you see now with what you remember, and in such a comparison the present almost invariably suffers. It suffers all the more because seeing has to compete with remembering. If, therefore, I should seem to credit the past with too much, it is something which one cannot escape.

At the time I refer to, the poor man in England who had ever left his home was somewhat of a prodigy; now nearly half of his substance goes in excursion fares. A dissenting minister used to be an object of abhorrence and contempt; now he is quoted in Parliament by politicians. A lord used to be an object of dread and reverence; now he is hardly better than a foreign count. In the England that I remember third-class passengers on the then newly-built railroads stood in boxes like cattle; now they sit on cushioned seats, the third-class cars being so like the first-class that the gentry have largely taken to using them. The loveliest parts of the country at this summer season are thronged with excursionists, and it is fair to say that there are no longer secluded spots in England. The famous seat of the lake poets, Cumberland and Westmoreland, is so overrun with tourists that the road through the mountains seems to be leading to a fair; the small steamers on the lakes are thronged to their utmost capacity. Unhappy is the place which has some touch of "Americanism" in its history. The railroads dump on it thousands of our countrymen, who poke their noses everywhere, cut chips off every wooden memorial, and apply the hammer to every stone one, and almost compel the inhabitants to move out.

The American in England used too often to be regarded as a low-class foreigner; today he is a welcome guest who has a right to have his curiosity gratified, and whose weaknesses and desires are referred to in almost every paper read before a learned society, so that now hardly anybody achieves fame so readily as an American traveler. The old cabined, cribbed, confined English hotel, consisting of a private house converted into an inn, and kept

by an ex-butler or housekeeper, has almost disappeared. New hotels, "on the American plan," are springing up everywhere, and the English railroads are copying them at their stations, to their great advantage. In fact, it would be difficult to imagine a greater transformation than the England of my youth has undergone. The reviled Dissenter of sixty years ago has become a political personage of importance; he is quoted by the ritualists as well as by the politicians. The scorn of the High Church parson for the "dissenting preacher" has been well-nigh dried up by the appearance of a dissenting college in Oxford presided over by a scholar, Prof. Fairbairn, who wields what we should call a nasty quill, and before whom the proudest Oxford don now holds his peace.

But the greatest change, I think, on the whole, is that wrought by the very multitude of Americans. They are now everywhere in England bothering the hotel keepers for ice, hiring all the conveyances, and crowding the theatres and churches. St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, to those who have seen them on Sunday afternoons, have lost their connection with the British nation. It is well known what small force titles have in America, how little account Americans make of judges, archdeacons, and bishops. In England these are all great personages, and I have heard an American bishop give a most impressive account of a sensation he made at Westminster hall by driving up in an English bishop's carriage. So, in like manner, the millionaire, who receives but small honor in the United States, if, indeed, he is not looked on with suspicion, becomes a stupendous character when he lands in Liverpool or Southampton. The American who in any profession enjoys ever so slight a distinction at home, has little idea what a great man he is until he comes to England. It is, however, just as well for him in this respect that he comes now instead of ten years earlier.

However, the political changes are still more startling than the social or economic. England was the one country in Europe, except, perhaps, Venice, which was ruled by an upper class, though that class enjoyed no official rank and had no formal legal authority. This is especially true of the England of the close of the great continental war, which was followed by the rising of the lower classes against their betters, ending in the Peterloo massacre. About 1819 the poor Englishman literally said he could not stand it any longer; that he had some rights which "gentlemen" were bound to respect. The middle class, in fact, about that time began to have its day. The reform bill agitation was started. The press began to have power, and the various reforms which have since raised

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England so high in the moral world saw the light. The civil service was reformed under the inspiration of the English middle class, and not, as one of our jingoes has ridiculously asserted, under influence derived from the Hindus and Bengalese.

The old régime had produced the best man of which it was capable in Wellington, and he fought his best fight at Waterloo. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" described very well the change which was coming, but it was the greatest change the world had experienced since the birth of Christ. Everything in it was valuable, except the decreased importance of the "gentleman." The best contribution, undoubtedly, which modern England has made to civilization was "the gentleman"—a combination, I may explain, of education and cultivation, good manners and good clothes. I do not know any other country in which the dress and speech of the upper classes make their way so thoroughly down to the lowest class. The London omnibus driver or cab driver gets his boots blacked carefully in the morning, and wears a flower in his buttonhole; and there is an English speech, whether good or bad, which is spoken mainly by the upper classes, but serves as a model for all England. Indeed, England is the only country I know of in which you can tell a man's social position by the way he talks. In New York I have heard the scion of an old family talk like a plowman, a "society lady" like a cook or washerwoman. In short, there is no other country in which the "swell" is so carefully imitated, and has so great an educating influence on the masses, as in England. This educating tendency, I need hardly say, is rapidly coming to an end, mainly through American influence. A prominent railroad man told me, in New York, that when he goes West to inspect his road, and meets his engine drivers and his conductors, he is careful not to allow his speech to be any better than theirs. I have frequently heard counsel in the courts in New York indulging in bad English in order to put themselves more nearly on a level with the jurors. In other words, the social influences at work in the two countries are radically different. In the one an effort is made to level up, and in the other to level down.

This is worth remarking at the present time, when American fortunes and freedom in distributing them, and wide financial operations generally, have so captured the English imagination that they now hasten to embrace indiscriminately the cousins whom they snubbed for a century, and to pronounce them and their works good, one and all. May England never quite forget, however, her place in the ranks of time as an educator in the broad-

est sense, and for the best things, at home and abroad.

Cambridge Boys' and Girls' Christian Band

Readers of ZION'S HERALD will be interested to know how children in Cambridge are taught the Word of God Sunday afternoons by Mr. J. S. Paine, the retired veteran furniture manufacturer, now in the 78th year of his age. Last Sunday it was our privilege to see what the attraction was that drew such numbers of bright boys and girls into the large hall of the Y. M. C. A., Sunday after Sunday, blocking the sidewalk on both sides of the hall door while waiting for the time to be admitted.

On opening the doors at 2.30 the children filed into the hall, the boys on one side of the wide marble stairway to the floor of the house, the girls on the other to the balcony, which extends around the hall in horseshoe shape, giving to all a good view of the stage, each child bearing in his and her hand a bright orange-colored attendance card on which is printed a number for each Sunday. These numbers signify credits, and as each child passes the door-keeper a number is punched by him, showing that the holder was present that day. Beside him stands a box placarded: "One cent for the poor, if you please," and each child is expected to drop a cent. It takes about one-half hour for all to get seated in the hall, which is large, and furnished with opera chairs, so that each child has sufficient room without crowding.

As they are taking their seats, hymns printed on cloth, in large type, so that they can easily be read from any part of the wall, are hung on the wall back of the platform. A choirster in a clear, strong voice announces the hymn, and the Scripture, chapter and verse from which the sentiment of the hymn is taken. Accompanied by cornet and piano, verse by verse is sung by the children seated, and by the others as they enter, taking up the verse and singing as they find their seats. Usually six hymns are sung in this way, the first one on the wall giving place to another as each one is finished.

At 3 o'clock the superintendent steps to the front of the platform, announces and reviews the last Sunday's lesson, and gives out brief notices. Then he asks the boys if they wish special prayer for any one who may be sick and in trouble to signify it by raising their hands; the girls in the balcony are asked the same question, and respond in like manner. All then bow their heads and repeat after him, word by word, the prayer he offers. This is a most solemn time with the children, who seem to realize that they are speaking to God, who is, by the Holy Spirit, in the room, hearing all that is spoken by them.

The room is then darkened by drawing the curtains, and the illustrated exercises commence. First came the hymn, "My Redeemer," all the children standing and speaking the words in song distinctly, followed by "Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross," being beautifully illustrated on the screen by a young girl standing close beside the cross of our Saviour. This was followed by two views from the "Cross and Crown." Then the story of Sarah Caswell and her father was told—how they lived a number of years in Boston, and how he reformed and became a Christian man, while the song, "Father, Dear, Come Home," was being sung by a little girl. This was illustrated on the screen. The parable of the Prodigal Son told to the Jews by Jesus was then most beautifully illustrated and commented upon, so as to bring the children to realize the grief it causes parents when children do not love them and their home; and if they wander away, how father and mother would rejoice on their return. The Bible says there is joy in heaven before the angels when we seek Jesus and love Him as He loves us. The closing illustrated hymns, "Just as I Am," "I Gave My Life for Thee," "Christ the Lord is Risen Today," were then sung.

After the close of the above exercises, which lasted one hour, the children were dismissed, leaving the room in an orderly manner. No one seemed to get tired or restless. Before the dismissal, all who had brought in letters in answer to the request, "Please tell me how you came to Jesus," were invited to remain and take seats on the lower floor. A sheet of paper had been given to each boy and girl

the previous Sunday, headed as follows: "From St. Luke, 18th chapter, 16th verse: 'Jesus called them unto him and said, Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Mr. Paine—Dear Friend: I will try and tell you how I came to Jesus." A large number remained to the second meeting besides those who had brought in written answers. Between thirty and forty letters were read, telling in a clear and decisive way what led the writers to seek the Saviour. As their names were called they came forward to the platform and stood while their letter was being read. A few words of encouragement were given to each one in a low voice, showing the deep sympathy which was felt for the child. Nearly every letter told plainly how the writer found Jesus Christ to be the precious Saviour. The letters received not stating this were not read.

This is the nineteenth year of the organization, and about six thousand names of children between the ages of five and fifteen have been enrolled. The number now attending these meetings is about eleven hundred, and the average attendance eight hundred. Mr. Paine says he is astonished at the clearness with which they give evidence that they have passed from darkness into the light of the Lord Jesus Christ, so evidently shown in many of their letters and in his conversation with them.

THE CONFERENCES

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

Bangor District

Foxcroft Camp-meeting.—The first of the Maine camp-meetings of the year and century was held on these beautiful grounds, Aug. 5-12. The meeting was in charge of Rev. D. B. Dow, the new presiding elder of Bangor District, who presided with strength and grace. Rev. E. S. Dunham, D. D., Conference evangelist of Central Ohio Conference, conducted a delightful Bible reading service daily at 8 o'clock, and preached every evening. Any meeting must be a success where preachers and people co-operate with this wise and experienced leader and teacher in the ways of the Lord. The sermons preached each forenoon and afternoon by the pastors of the district were generally able and spiritual. Thursday was Epworth League Day. Rev. L. L. Hanscom, of Rockland, delivered the annual sermon, and Rev. W. S. Bovard, of Portland, the annual address.

The attendance was slightly less than on recent years. About four thousand were in attend-



Praises Pyramid Pile Cure.

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ance Sunday. All the camps thus far this year report a reduced attendance, owing probably to the Pan-American and the great conventions attended by many of our people. Mercy-drops fell at all the services, "but for the showers we plead." I.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Norwich District

South Coventry. — Rev. William A. Robinson, a member of the Michigan Conference who is attending the Boston University School of Theology, has been secured as supply for this charge. He has arrived, with his family, and entered upon his work the last Sunday in July, making a very favorable impression and receiving a cordial welcome.

Colchester. — Rev. Lloyd Stevens has resigned his charge here, and Rev. D. W. Adams, of East Hampton, has been appointed by the presiding elder pastor in charge. Mr. Adams takes this in addition to his work at East Hampton, and the people are to be congratulated on so happy an adjustment of the work.

Eastford. — Rev. Richard Knowles, who for the past four years has been the efficient pastor of this charge, has received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Wellfleet, Mass. The prayers and best wishes of his brethren will follow him to his new field. Rev. Orrin Tourtellot, a local preacher from East Thompson, has been appointed to supply the vacancy.

Gurleyville. — The pastor, Rev. C. C. Pratt, has been transferred to the pastorate of the church at Hingham, Mass., and enters upon his work at once. This move is made in the interest of his desire and purpose to take a course of study at Boston University School of Theology.

Vernon. — The many friends of the pastor, Rev. F. J. Follansbee, will sympathize with him and his estimable wife in the protracted illness of the latter with nervous prostration. She has been confined to the bed for over six months. At the last account she was slowly improving, and able to sit up for a short time each day. The church has generously given the pastor the month of August for vacation. He is spending it at the bedside of his wife in the ministry of loving service. The divine promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee," is being blessedly realized in this case. A new parsonage in close proximity to the church is rapidly approaching completion and will be ready for occupancy in October. The money to pay the bills is nearly all raised.

Portland. — For the past two months the church has been undergoing long-needed and extensive renovation. The roof newly shingled, a steel ceiling in the main audience-room, the interior redecorated and painted, and a new carpet on the floor, at a cost of nearly \$1,000, of which all but about \$100 has been raised, makes practically a new church, in which the energetic pastor, Rev. Charles Smith, and his loyal people may feel a very just pride. Sunday, Aug. 11, reopening services were held. The weather was propitious, and the congregations both morning and evening taxed the seating capacity of the house. The morning sermon by Presiding Elder Bartholomew was a masterly effort, and most fittingly inaugurated his first official visit to this church. Rev. D. W. Howell, of Hartford, preached in the evening, to the delight and profit of the great congregation. Mr. Smith is deservedly popular in the church and community. We are glad to note that Taylor University, at its recent Commencement, honored him with the degree of A. M. In this case it is worthily bestowed.

Personal. — Our Conference evangelist, Rev. James Tregaskis, is making his home for the present at Brooks Vale, Conn., and is in constant demand for pulpit supply and other service. The New Haven papers speak in highest terms of his services at the East Pearl Street Church on a recent Sunday. SCRIPTUM.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Concord District

Personal. — Fred Loyne, son of Rev. W. A. Loyne, met with a serious accident a few days ago at Woodsville. He stepped off the train, and by some means fractured the bones of his leg below the knee. It is a compound fracture, and is quite serious. He was in the employ of

the American Express Co. It will lay him up for some time.

Frederick Lawrence Knowles lectured at the Hedding Chautauqua to the delight of many.

Rev. E. C. E. Dorion shows himself a good Chautauqua manager. B.

Manchester District

Fitzwilliam. — Rev. A. Wadsworth, pastor, is very much appreciated by his people, and the work goes on nicely. Bills are very nearly paid to date. The Ladies' Aid Society had a sale, Aug. 9, and realized excellent results.

Westport. — Reports show a gain in membership of several persons the past quarter. A successful Epworth League convention was held in this church in July. Rev. N. D. Bigelow is pastor.

East Deering. — This church is prospering under the pastoral care of Rev. Kimball Clark. Large congregations greet the pastor every Sunday. One new class has been added to the Sunday-school, with the pastor's wife in charge. The pastor's claim is paid to date. A lawn party recently given by the ladies proved a great success. Mr. Clark is supplying the Congregational Church at the centre of the town and carries his own work besides.

Marlboro. — Electric lights have been placed in the church and the bills all paid. Finances are in a good condition. Two persons were received into this church recently. Services are all well attended and a good interest prevails. Rev. Ernest Herrick and family, of Leominster, Mass., are spending their vacation here. Mr. Herrick occupied the pulpit, July 28, and preached an excellent sermon. Thompson Richardson, a constant attendant for years at this church, recently passed to his future home. He will be missed by a large circle of friends.

West Swansey. the other part of this charge, is prospering in all departments, with finances up to date. We hear many good reports of the pastor, Rev. C. Byrne, in both of these churches.

Chesterfield. — The work is in a prosperous condition, and pastor and people are happy. Congregations are excellent and bills are all paid to date. Rev. N. Fisk is the pastor.

Hinsdale. — The interest continues at this point, with large congregations. Two persons were received by letter, Aug. 9, which makes a gain of 51 since Rev. E. J. Deane became pastor.

West Rindge. — Everything is moving on well and harmony prevails. August 8, the pastor, Rev. D. J. Smith, celebrated the 70th anniversary of his birth. The plans and arrangements originated with and were completed by the people of Rindge without any reference to church or denomination. A large company of people gathered in honor of their friend and pastor. Former parishioners and friends came from Keene, Marlboro, Peterboro, and Fitzwilliam. The church and vestry were nicely decorated

and everything was arranged for beauty and comfort. From 3 to 6 P. M. there was a special gathering of the old folks, with a service of prayer, testimony, and song, the old people singing several of the old pieces. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. M. Durrell, of Keene, and remarks were made by Presiding Elder Curl and Rev. J. M. Durrell, followed by quite a number of brief speeches and testimonies, after which the tables at the banquet were first filled with the old people, the aggregate of their ages being two thousand years. The oldest man was seated at Mr. Smith's right and the oldest woman at his left, both of whom had passed the fourscore milestone. The services in the evening were held in the church, and the house was packed. A fine quartet, with two solo singers, furnished music for the occasion. Prayer was offered by the presiding elder, and several letters from ministerial brethren and friends were read by Deacon Wetherbee of the Congregational Church. Rev. A. Wadsworth sang two solos, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. Mr. Smith presided at these services during the day and evening and gave a very unique address of welcome at each service. Mr. Wetherbee presented Mr. Smith, in behalf of parishioners and friends, a purse of \$71, and Rev. C. Byrne, in a few well-chosen words, presented \$16 in gold from friends in Marlboro. A little girl, in behalf of the children, gave a basket of lovely flowers. A beautiful piece composed for the occasion by Flora J. Tubbs was sung by the entire audience, and the services closed. The ladies furnished a very fine banquet, and after the evening service ice cream and cake. Thus closed one of the most successful entertainments of the kind ever held. Mr. Smith received the hearty congratulations of all, and was pronounced one of the youngest men in the company. C.

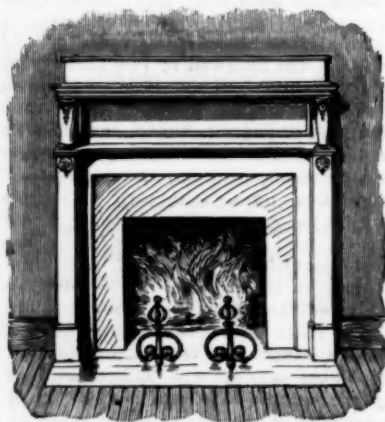
NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Lynn District

Asbury Grove. — Asbury Grove has something new in the way of a semi-monthly paper, published under the name of the *Asbury Mentor*. The capable and enterprising editor and publisher is Miss Justine A. Riggs. Besides the proper notices, there are pages of personal mention and well-written historical articles connected with the camp-ground, which are illustrated. It is a very creditable publication.

Springfield District

Laurel Park. — This camp-ground never was so attractive as at the present time. Several new cottages have been built, while others have been enlarged and otherwise improved and beautified. Cottagers are arriving daily in anticipation of the camp-meeting, and a large attendance is probable. Each of the last two years fifty Methodist preachers have been present at the meetings. There is promise of a



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strong force this year. The following brethren are to preach probably in the order here given: Revs. W. H. Dockham, H. S. Dow, L. E. Taylor, F. T. Pomeroy, H. H. Weyant, A. L. Howe, F. J. Hale, O. S. Gray, J. W. Stephan, W. R. Newhall, D. D., C. F. Rice, D. D., P. Webber, James Sutherland, F. M. Estes, J. Wriston, E. R. Thorndike, D. D., C. E. Holmes. Dr. J. O. Knowles, the presiding elder, is enjoying good health, and with his family is already on the ground prepared to give direction to the meeting.

Amherst.—The attendance at the services is good for the summer season, and the work is going on pleasantly.

Brookfield.—The people of this charge are eminently satisfied with the arrangement by which Rev. O. S. Gray, of West Brookfield, supplies their pulpit. They speak highly of him as a man and preacher.

North Brookfield.—Rev. Alfred Beal is doing faithful work on this charge, and is receiving the hearty co-operation of his people. The field is somewhat difficult, owing to the fact that a large per cent. of the citizens are Roman Catholics.

Holyoke, Appleton St.—The pastor, Rev. H. L. Wriston, and Mrs. Wriston, are en route from Colorado where they spent their summer vacation. Their otherwise pleasant visit among old-time friends and acquaintances was somewhat marred by Mrs. Wriston's illness, who for several days was not able to leave her room. Owing to this fact, Mr. Wriston was compelled to cancel engagements to lecture at Laramie and elsewhere. On the homeward journey they spent a Sunday at Chicago, where Mr. Wriston preached in St. James Methodist Church. They will visit the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo and Niagara Falls, and are expected to arrive at home about Aug. 20.

Mundale and Granville.—Rev. J. C. Evans is engaged energetically with the work of this double charge, and is well received at both appointments.

Pelham and North Amherst.—The presiding elder reports the work of this double charge to be in good condition, and the outlook encouraging.

Spencer.—The reports at the second quarterly conference show the work of this charge to be well in hand. Through overwork the pastor, Rev. James Mears, has been laid aside for two or three weeks, but expected to be in his pulpit Aug. 18.

Springfield, Wesley.—Work on the auditorium of the new edifice is progressing. All fresco work is completed, the organ is being put in place, and the memorial windows are being set. The committee expects the work to be finished so the dedication can occur on, or about, Oct. 11.

South Hadley Falls.—A check for \$200 has recently been placed in the hands of the trustees for the payment of a mortgage to that amount resting upon the chapel at Fairview. Services have been held there for several years, and a neat chapel costing \$2,000 was erected some time since. The work has been under the direction of the South Hadley Falls Church, but it is probable that it will be organized into a society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the early future. The pastor, Rev. John Wriston, hopes to be able to raise money in the fall with which to build a parsonage at the Falls. The prayer-meetings are well sustained.

Warren.—There is evidence of prosperity at this church, material and spiritual also. The vestry is being renovated at considerable expense, and the pastor's salary is somewhat increased, while the meetings are well sustained.

West Warren.—The pastor, Rev. John Mason, and family, were well received at the beginning, of his second pastorate with this people, and the work is progressing well. Here, also, the salary has been substantially increased.

Wilbraham.—In the absence of the pastor, Rev. W. H. Thomas, D. D., the pulpit of the Memorial Church at Wilbraham was supplied, Aug. 4 and 11, by Prof. Wm. F. Gibson, of Wesleyan Academy. Prof. Gibson has been

serving the church in the capacity of church organist during the summer vacation.

Rev. John T. Newell, a student at Wesleyan Academy, is engaged to supply the charges at Monroe and North Monroe, N. H., during the three months' absence of the pastor, Rev. G. B. Goodrich, who is spending the summer in Europe after an illness of some weeks.

Wilbraham Academy is so well equipped and has such an honorable history that it ought to receive consideration from parents who are contemplating sending their children to a boarding school. It is gratifying to the writer to be informed on good authority that there is promise of increased attendance at the fall term.

F. M. E.

The Dying Girl

I WENT once to see a dying girl whom the world had roughly treated. She never had a father; she never knew her mother. Her home had been the poor-house; her couch the hospital cot; and yet, as she staggered in her weakness there, she picked up a little of the alphabet, enough to spell out the New Testament, and she had touched the hem of the Master's garment and had learned the new song. And I never trembled in the presence of majesty as I did in the majesty of her presence as she came near the crossing.

"Oh, sir," she said, "God sends His angels. I read in His Word: 'Are they not ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be the heirs of salvation?' And when I am lying in my cot they stand about me on this floor, and when the heavy darkness comes and this poor side aches so severely He comes, for He says, 'Lo! I am with you,' and I sleep, I rest." — *Bishop C. H. Fowler.*

Heredity

A WOMAN once visited an institution where homeless and friendless children found a home. Among the little inmates, she came to one to whom her heart went out, and she said: "This child I want for my own." "He is not for adoption," said the person in charge. The woman looked around, but saw no other child who attracted as this little one had, and she went away sorrowful. In a few days she came again to visit the child. One day she came with tears in her eyes, and said: "Why cannot I have the child I want?" They told her then the story of the baby, and the utter depravity of its parents. There was bad blood in the child, and it would be a terrible risk to take it. The woman went away again sorrowful, but after three or four days returned, saying: "I have come for my baby. If you think he will be more likely to be a good boy and man with my mother-love and brought up in a Christian home, give him to me. God will take care of the rest." Her love prevailed. They gave the ill-born waif into her hands; she took him to her heart.

Years have passed since then. Love has prevailed and conquered, and the little helpless waif has grown up to a faithful, honored, Christian manhood.

There is a mighty power in love; the love of man can subdue and sway and rule a life; the love of a woman can ennoble and uplift a soul; and greater than these is the love of Christ.—*Selected.*

—Mrs. Helen M. Barker of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union was addressing a large audience, when a dog in the aisle began to bark. Some one cried, "Put him out!" and at once there was an uproar. Mrs. Barker feared that she had lost her audience; but, keeping her presence of mind, she raised her hand in a commanding way and said: "I thought that but one Barker was advertised for this evening." Her little speech made a tremendous hit and the dog was suppressed.

CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

Claremont Camp-meeting,	Aug. 19-25
Lyndonville Camp-meeting,	Aug. 19-26
Sheldon Camp-meeting,	Aug. 19-26
Strong Camp-meeting,	Aug. 19-26
Willimantic Camp-meeting,	Aug. 19-26
Laurel Park Camp-meeting,	Aug. 19-26
East Machias Camp-meeting,	Aug. 26-31
Dover Dist. Camp-meeting at Hedding,	Aug. 26-31
Sterling Camp-meeting,	Aug. 26-31
Asbury Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 26-Sept. 2
North Anson Camp-meeting,	Aug. 26-Sept. 2
Nobleboro Camp-meeting,	Aug. 26-Sept. 2
Lewiston Dist. Camp-meeting at Empire Grove,	
E. Poland, Me.,	Aug. 26-Sept. 2
Willmot Camp-meeting,	Sept. 2-6

WANTED. — Kinsey, Ala., the seat of Mallellau Seminary, is in need of a live, earnest preacher. Our main guarantee is hard fare and plenty of it, with a splendid chance to win men to God and build up the Methodist Episcopal Church. Applicants can address, with stamp, Rev. GEORGE M. HAMLEN, D. D., Cottage City, Mass.

A Suggestion to Conference Examiners

By action of the General Conference of 1900, the *Methodist Review* was made part of the required reading for young ministers during their four years' course of Conference studies. This was done with the conviction on the part of the Bishops and the General Conference that the *Review* is an important aid to ministerial culture, and with the hope that young ministers becoming acquainted with the *Review* at the beginning of their work will continue as life-long readers of it.

To boards of examiners in those studies who may not have hit upon any better plan, Dr. Kelley, editor of the *Methodist Review*, respectfully suggests that each student in the four years' course be asked to furnish at the end of each Conference year a syllabus of some one article of his own selection from each alternate number of the *Review* issued during that Conference year; making syllabi of three articles in all, in each year, one of which should be chosen from that department of the *Review* called "The Itinerants' Club."

General Miles has issued a general order to the army urging the development of patriotism, discipline, physical training, self-respect, self-reliance and resourcefulness.

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DISCOURAGEMENTS IN WORK

I NEVER realized how true it is that "people are alike the world over," until, for personal reasons, I conducted a little canvass among my friends, to find out their exact state of mind as regards their work. I had a notion — how foolish it was you will presently see — that nearly every one of my acquaintance had found some pleasant "lane" or current of life's ocean that gave them far smoother sailing than I enjoyed. I found my own work full of disappointments, discouragements and worries, from which I fancied my friends were comparatively free. Still, I was curious to know just how their work affected them, how they felt about it, and to what extent it was really meeting their expectations.

The first person I went to, in search of this information, was a young and popular clergyman. We had been chums in college, and I knew he would readily unburden himself to me — if, indeed, he had a burden. We took a long walk into the country; and hardly had we got out into the quiet of the fields when, to my utter surprise — for I had not yet begun to lead up to the subject next my heart — he broke out with:

"Oh, dear! I wish I was in your boots!"

"What!" I exclaimed, in amazement.

"I do," he reiterated. "I wish I was in your boots. I envy you every time I think of you. How free you are from the discouragements and perplexities that beset a man in my position! Why, a dozen times in the year I am on the point of giving up — actually giving up — defeated, beaten by the stress of life, unequal to the demands my profession makes upon me. You have no idea what depression of spirits I endure — not now and then, but almost continuously. It is terrible."

I gazed at my companion with undisguised astonishment. "You don't believe it?" he demanded.

"No, I don't," I replied. "It passes my comprehension, when I look at the results of your work as the world sees it."

"Ah," he sighed, "the world doesn't know anything about the tug of the undertow! The world doesn't know that some of us have to fight to the last ounce of strength to keep our heads above the surface. Yes, my dear fellow, I repeat it — I envy you. You don't know anything about the discouragements of a minister."

That interview sent me home perplexed, you may be sure; for my friend, with his brilliantly successful work in the community, was the last one from whom I had expected any report of personal discouragement or depression of spirits.

But I was bound to investigate further, so I went next to the leading business man in the community, a man of immense material success, of great wealth, of cultivated tastes, which he was able to gratify to the full; a man to whom one would naturally apply the epithet, "fortune's favorite," and

whom nine out of ten persons would envy from the bottom of their hearts. I was fortunate in having this man as a companion on the golf-links, one day, and before we returned he had told me what I sought to know. He had fallen greatly short of his expectation for himself, he said. He often regretted having devoted himself to business, because he had learned — now that it was too late to abandon his choice — that it was not altogether congenial to him. He was depressed by the results of his life. They were not what they might have been were his heart entirely in his work. He was sorry he had not given himself to literary pursuits, and — yes, I shall have to report it as another instance of the irony of fate — he envied me. Business was a constant burden and even aggravation to him, he said. The only peace of mind he found was in the avocations and recreations which took his mind away from the cares he detested.

And this was the man whom nearly our whole community (including myself) had set upon a pedestal of admiring envy! His work had no inspiration, no joy, for him. He was depressed by a constant sense of failure and disappointment.

Some weeks later, I spent a night with a friend in another city, who is a professor in a well-known American college. How often I have looked with desire upon his dignified and honored and seemingly ideal life! But he told me that he was discontented. His class-room duties were so pressing that he had no time for original investigation and production. His life was slipping away without any results of permanent scientific value. He was discouraged and disheartened as he contemplated it. Moreover, he was a poor man. His salary was small. It was difficult for him to make both ends meet, and he saw no hope of laying by a sum sufficient to enable him to retire and give himself up to original investigation. A discouraged man — discouraged with his work — and I had admired him so unsuspectingly!

It is scarcely necessary that I should add further details of my experiment, or lengthen the list of those whom I interviewed; the results were so nearly alike in all cases. I found two men — a doctor and a farmer — who thought they had chosen the best employments in the world, who envied no man his kind of work, but who were far from satisfied with the results of their own efforts, and confessed to periods of depression and almost discouragement. One man, a lawyer, was profane and cynical in his estimate of himself, his profession, the world, and me. Yet he was accounted the leading lawyer of his county bar.

On the whole I have come back to my own quiet workshop with the conviction that a certain amount of "divine discontent" with one's work is universal and, presumably, wholesome; that some discouragement and depression of spirits as regards immediate results are inevitable for us all; and that no one profession or trade involves more of this discouragement than another, in spite of the general impression to that effect among those who are engaged in it. It is certainly true that "misery loves company," so that it is some comfort to me to have learned these things.

My conclusion is this: that we ought to look at our work more in the large and the final, more in its totality, less in its variable and uncertain details. Most of us who get so discouraged and depressed at times, are really, it is fair to say, doing some useful and helpful work in the world and meeting with a reasonable degree of success and appreciation. Let us judge work, even our own, as God judges it, largely, providently, for the future rather than the present, and

not hinder or imperil its final result by losing courage over vexing and unfavorable incidents which may be only temporary in their effect. — JAMES BUCKHAM, in *The Standard*.

TAMING A LION

IN Cleveland Moffett's series of papers on "Careers of Danger and Daring," the eighth article, "The Wild-Beast Tamer," appears in *St. Nicholas* for August.

The wild-beast tamer as generally pictured is a mysterious person who stalks about sternly in high boots, and possesses a remarkable power of the eye that makes lions and tigers quail at his look and shrink away. He rules by fear, and the crack of his whip is supposed to bring memories of torturing points and red-hot irons.

Such is the story-book lion-tamer, and I may as well say at once that outside of story-books he has small existence. There is scarcely any truth in this theory of hate for hate and conquest by fear. It is no more fear that makes a lion walk on a ball than it is fear that makes a horse pull a wagon. It is habit. The lion is perfectly willing to walk on the ball, and he has reached that mind, not by cruel treatment, but by force of his trainer's patience and kindness and superior intelligence.

Of course, a wild-beast tamer should have a quick eye and delicate sense of hearing, so that he may be warned of a sudden spring at him or a rush from behind; and it is important that he be a sober man, for alcohol breaks the nerve or gives a false courage worse than folly; but the quality on which he must chiefly rely and which alone can make him a great tamer — not a second-rate bungler — is a genuine fondness for his animals. This does not mean

The Value of Charcoal

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Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form, or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost out twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

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that the animals will necessarily be fond of the tamer; some will be fond of him, some will be indifferent to him, some will fear and hate him. Nor will the trainer's fondness protect him from fang and claw. We shall see that there is danger always, accident often, but without the fondness there would be greater danger and more frequent accident. A fondness for lions and tigers gives sympathy for them, sympathy gives understanding of them, and understanding gives mastery of them, or as much mastery as is possible. What but this fondness would keep a tamer constantly with his animals, not only in the public show (the easiest part), but in the dens, in the treacherous runway, in the strange night hours, in the early morning romp, when no one is looking, when there is no reason for being with them except the tamer's own joy in it?

I do not purpose now to present in detail the method of taming wild beasts, rather what happens after they are tamed; but I may say that a lion-tamer always begins by spending weeks or months in gaining a new animal's confidence.

Day after day he will stand for a long time outside the cage, merely looking at the lion, talking to him, impressing upon the beast a general familiarity with his voice and person. And each time, as he goes away, he is careful to toss a piece of meat as a pleasant memento of his visit.

Later he ventures inside the bars, carrying some simple weapon—a whip, a rod, perhaps a broom, which is more formidable than might be supposed, through the jab of its sharp bristles. One tamer used a common chair with much success against unbroken lions. If the creature came at him, there were the four legs in his face; and soon the chair came to represent boundless power to that ignorant lion. He feared it and hated it, as was seen on one occasion when the tamer left it in the cage and the lion promptly tore it into splinters.

Days may pass before the lion will let his tamer do more than merely stay inside the cage at a distance. Very well; the tamer stays there. He waits hour after hour, week after week, until a time comes when the lion will let him move nearer, will permit the touch of his hand, will come forward for a piece of meat, and at last treat him like a friend, so that finally he may sit there quite at ease, and even read his newspaper, as one man did.

Lastly begins the practice of tricks; the lion must spring to a pedestal and be fed; must jump from one pedestal to another and be fed; must keep a certain pose and be fed. A bit of meat is always the final argument, and the tamer wins (if he wins at all, for sometimes he fails) by patience and kindness.

"There is no use getting angry with a lion," said a well-known tamer to me, "and there is no use in carrying a revolver. If you shoot a lion or injure him with any weapon, it is your loss, for you must buy another lion, and the chances are that he will kill you anyway, if he starts to do it. The thing is to keep him from starting."

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MY VISIT TO MISS MARY REED

REV. JOHN JACKSON.
Editor of *All Nations*.

AS I begin these notes of the eleven days I have just spent with Mary Reed and her lepers, I see the sun rising in splendor exactly over the ridge on which her house stands. I am a long day's march from Chandag, but I can distinguish across the deep intervening valleys the clear white speck on the height which I know to be the new Church of the Institution. With the morning sun lighting up its spotless white, it fitly symbolizes the Christlike ministry carried on within its walls and under its shadow, and in which for a short time it has been my privilege to have a part.

To speak of an interview with Miss Reed would be to disregard the feelings of one who shrinks from publicity. But during the days I have been her guest we have had many "interviews" in which many things not meant for publication were freely spoken of. Together we retraced the whole of the wonderful way in which she has been led, and she recounted the many compensations in her peculiar lot which she so gratefully recognizes as divinely sent.

The following brief notes are necessarily limited to a few only of the most interesting experiences of my visit. Fuller particulars will be contained in the little volume which will, I hope, contain a record of a tour which has been to me one of intense interest.

The four days of travel through the mountains from Almora were, with the exception of one afternoon, enjoyable. The scenery was magnificent, the climate bracing, the ferns, flowers, and shrubs by the wayside—even over the highest passes—full of interest to one journeying through these wilds for the first time. Ascending the fertile valley from Bahns, to which place Miss Reed had thoughtfully sent down luncheon for me, I caught sight of the new church on the very crest of Chandag Heights. Miss Reed herself advanced a mile down the hill to meet me, and my first thought was one of thankfulness to see her looking so strong and well; but the exercise and excitement were probably accountable for this. I was sorry to learn afterwards from her own lips, as well as from my own observation, that her health at present leaves much to be desired. While thankful that the positive progress of her malady is still mercifully retarded, she has been during the past few months increasingly conscious of its presence, and on this account, as well as on behalf of her work, she solicits continual and believing prayer.

The past year has been one of busy duties and heavy strain. The superintendence of the building of the new church and of the bungalow, the latter to be occupied shortly, we trust, by a companion and co-worker, has severely taxed Miss Reed's strength, when added to all the usual duties devolving upon her. To be, as she has been, architect, manager, paymistress, and general superintendent of works, as well as teacher and "mother" to her flock, has proved almost too much for her. But while physically weary at times, she is spiritually bright and often even merry. To hear her softly singing about her house or garden, and to note her cheery, happy manner, both with her servants and her suffering family, was to be convinced that she was in uninterrupted communication with the secret source of abiding joy.

But out of regard for what I know to be her own wish, I must not dwell longer on the personal note. The days I spent at Chandag, during which I was the occupant of the first rooms of the new house, were full of interest. On the first Sunday morning it was a touching sight that met me as

I accompanied Miss Reed to hold a service with her women. Seated on the ground, all but their faces hidden by their wraps, they were a pathetic spectacle. Varying in ages from an old woman of seventy to little Debli, who is not yet seven, and varying not less in their faces, some of which were unaffected and others sadly marred, they welcomed us with salaams and smiles. As they sang with surprising spirit and expression their "bhajans" and hymns, and still more as their best earthly friend knelt on the grass, and, with tears in her voice, pleaded for the Divine presence and blessing to be with us, one could not remain an unmoved spectator of such a scene. It was my privilege, through Miss Reed's able and sympathetic interpretation, to minister to them the words of eternal life, and never, in a varied experience, have I felt more the marvelous fitness of Christ's free and full salvation to meet human need than during these (to me) memorable services with the lepers at Chandag.

In the afternoon we descended the steep hill which forms a natural (and not unnecessary) barrier between the male and female quarters, and had a similar meeting with the men at Panahgah, or "place of refuge," which is the portion of the institution set apart for the male inmates. These were the first of many similar services, during some of which the Holy Spirit's power was distinctly manifest. On one occasion (the second service for men), after an address on "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," five of the non-Christians said definitely, "I will open and let Him in," and their bright faces and marked interest at all the subsequent services gave us good ground for hoping that they had really done so. Then some of the women (almost all of whom were already Christians) were greatly stirred up and revived, and altogether when our final time of prayer and thanksgiving came, we could heartily praise God for granting His blessing on our ministry among these suffering people.

Some notice of the new church and our services in it must not be omitted. In connection with the first of these a very remarkable coincidence occurred. Before inviting the lepers to their new house of worship we devoted an evening to the workmen who had been employed on it, and to a number of the natives from the surrounding villages. This was on the Tuesday evening, and took the form of an exhibition of magic lantern views—the first that any of our audience had ever seen. After prayer and a short address we commenced by showing, about 6.30, the portraits of the Queen Empress and the Prince of Wales. It was three days later before the news reached this outpost of her empire that, at that same hour (according to English time) on that same evening, "the Mother of the World," as many nations term her, was passing away.

On the following evening the women of the Asylum were intensely interested by a display of Bible pictures, and the readiness with which they recognized the subjects spoke well for the careful and regular instruction they receive. Indeed, I doubt if a brighter and better taught group of native girls could be found in India than the eight or ten younger inmates who form Miss Reed's special class.

I must here only further notice the closing service for both men and women held in the church on the day preceding my departure. Miss Reed translated the address, of which the main theme was, "Unto you therefore which believe, He is precious," and it was evident that a chord was touched to which many hearts responded. At the close their farewell "salaams" and messages of gratitude were truly touching. Bella, as spokeswoman for the others, said

how they thanked God for the messages they had heard, and added, "We wake in the night and think of them." The tears were in many eyes when they realized that it was our last service, and that I was to leave too early next morning for any farewell then. But so determined were they to make the most of their visitor, that Miss Reed found them sitting outside on the frosty grass before daylight, and they returned again at eight o'clock to once more bid good-by to the guest whose visit they so much appreciated, and who had learned to know and even to love them in the eleven days he had spent among them.

Miss Reed herself accompanied me down the hill, and our final words of parting were said as I rounded a bend of the road which hid her from my sight. "Hitherto, henceforth," I called out to her across the ravine, and her appropriate reply was, "Yes, all the way." These words, which express her consciousness of the Master's unfailing presence with her in her sad but fruitful work, may fitly close this brief account of one of the most interesting experiences of my tour.

I must, however, add a few words about a very special need, which lies heavily on Miss Reed's heart—a native evangelist, who could carry the Gospel into the many villages lying in the fertile valleys just under the shadow of Chandag Heights. Miss Reed is greatly concerned about the poor dark souls in these hamlets, which are so near that many a night she lies awake listening to the sounds of their idolatrous revels. But they are accessible to the truth, and a suitable and tried worker will, Miss Reed hopes, soon be available, who, with his wife, would, under her supervision, undertake this much-needed work. — *All Nations*.

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When the Civil War broke out the population was only 1,500, and the number of men liable to military duty was only 144. But before the war closed the town sent 197 soldiers to the front, of whom 153 were citizens of the town. Rochester was the second town in the State to erect a monument to her fallen heroes. On it are inscribed the names of three commissioned officers, three non-commissioned officers, and thirty-four men—forty in all—which, I think, is the largest percentage of loss sustained in the United States. — From COLONEL ALBERT CLARK's address, Old Home Week.

Potatoes

IN the "C. A. P." column of the Boston *Journal*, Aug. 17, we read: "Potatoes are so scarce and expensive that none of the grocers in our section will order them, and when I asked, in tragic tones, why they had none to sell, one man answered, 'I did not suppose you would care to eat the large amount of money that a potato represents today.'"

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